club INTERNATIONAL

UK VOLUME SIX NUMBER TWO
PRICE 60p

NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE

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FRANCE 12 FRANCS
CANADA $1.95

SEX AND THE SHINGLES GIRL

THE 'BUM' FIGHT AT O.K. CORRAL

OUR LUSH LIMBED LOVELIES AT THE LEGAL LIMIT!

The custom built camera snob set

We started off building a camera, we ended up with a status symbol.
It's the inevitable result of going all out to beat the competition.
Some of these features you'll never find on any other SLR camera.

You'll probably say "There are a lot of automatic SLR cameras with electronic shutters around" and you would be right. But the big difference with this camera is its accuracy and its ability to adjust so quickly. This means you can swing round from bright sunlight to dark interiors and still take a perfectly exposed picture, immediately!

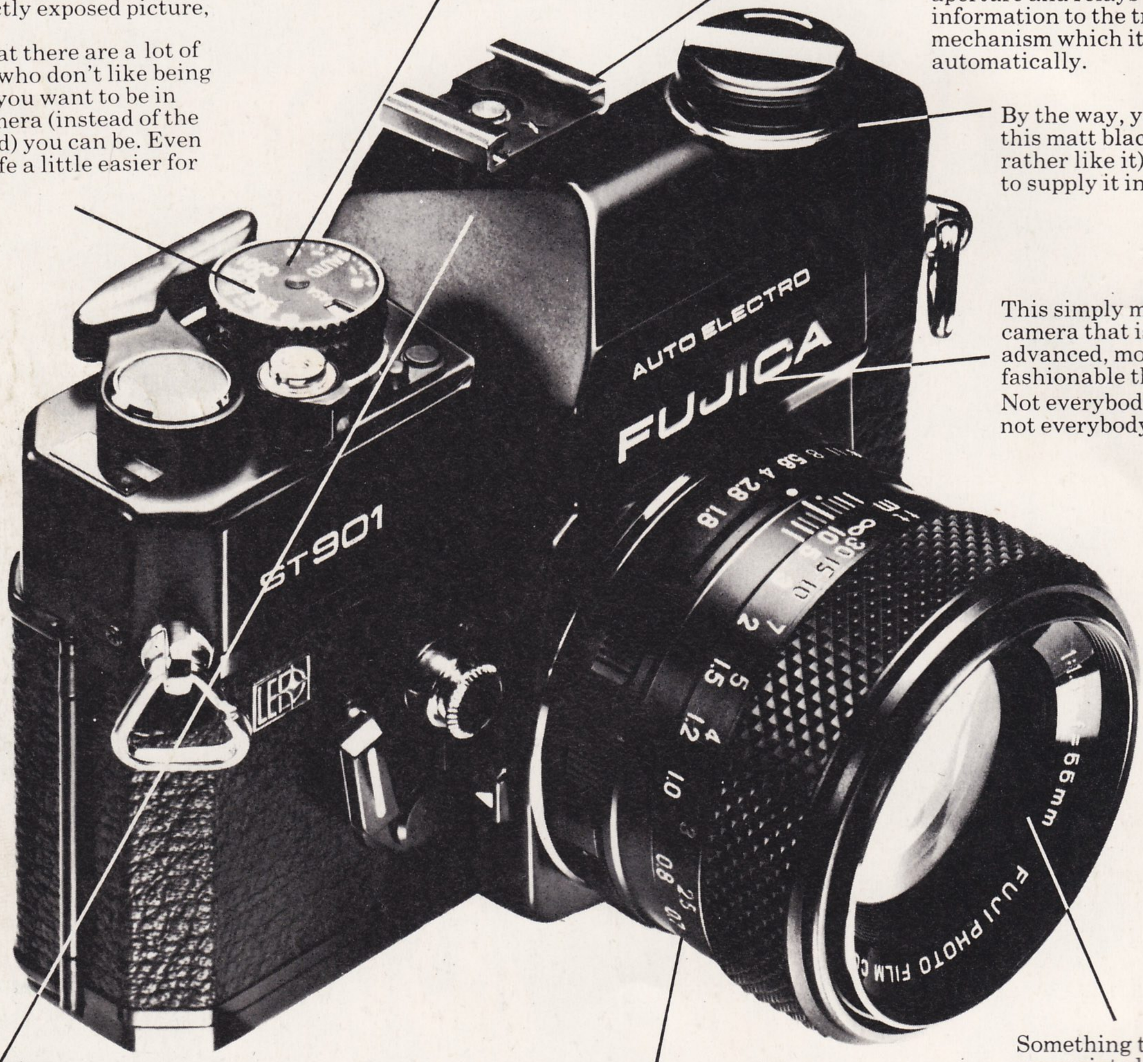
Now we know that there are a lot of people out there who don't like being dictated to, so if you want to be in charge of the camera (instead of the other way around) you can be. Even so, we've made life a little easier for you.

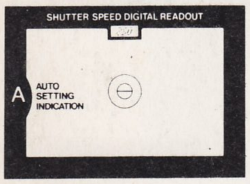
'Self-lubricating mechanism' is another Fujica feature and really very important. It means for instance that you can snap super sunny shots in the Seychelles, or wonderful wintery ones in Zermatt and be sure your camera is working perfectly and with absolute precision.

This is where we really start showing off. In here you'll see the end product of a 400 element mini computer that's built into the camera. This computer amplifies the light received by silicon photocells, (by the way, these cells react to changes of light ten times faster than any other camera), memorizes its value, cross correlates it with film speed and the selected aperture and relays all this information to the trigger release mechanism which it adjusts automatically.

By the way, you don't have to have this matt black top (it's just that we rather like it), we'll be only too happy to supply it in chrome.

This simply means that you own a camera that is better built, more advanced, more accurate and more fashionable than anybody else's. Not everybody owns one. But then not everybody owns a 'Rolls'.





In the viewfinder you won't find one of those needles that wobble around indecisively stabbing at some recommended exposure, but a series of light emitting diodes (sounds good, eh?). In fact these diodes are as good as they sound. They're little digital figures exactly like the ones you'll find on pocket calculators, from an exposure of 1,000 of a second, right up to one of 20 seconds, they'll stand out clearly in the viewfinder to let you know just what's happening. What's more these figures glow brighter in dim light.

Back to the viewfinder . . . through our silvered penta-prism you'll see an image that is 50% brighter, and that's a heck of an improvement on other cameras. That, and a choice of three focusing systems makes getting the image sharp childs play, even in the poorest of lighting conditions.

The Fujica ST901 is priced at around £212.00. The matt black finish is a few pounds more.

Something that's not generally appreciated is that a lens is only as good as its 'coatings'. The interchangeable lens supplied for the Fujinon boast up to eleven coatings on its key elements. That's pretty good, but what makes it unique is the 'Electron Beam Coating'. In this process we use a special electron beam gun to vaporize the hardest substances, many of which couldn't even be melted in the old process. These fine coatings are the guarantee of sharper, clearer, brighter pictures even in the most difficult back or side-lit situations.

FUJI FILM

HANIMEX

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As a squadron of *Club International* vibrators buzz menacingly overhead, I take much pride in announcing an orgy of fantastic photographic wizardry.

Commencing with a wild scene in a Hot Dog Bar and terminating with the *Bum Fight at O.K. Corral,* our lurid lensmanship knows no bounds. And the show will continue . . .

Our future photo story plans include *Custard's Last Stand* and the unbelievable *90 Minutes in Aunt Tebbe!!*

With no less than nine lush-limbed ladies shot from all corners of the globe and every conceivable angle, *Club International* rests its case and politely suggests that *Mayfair, Penthouse* and all the rest hang their heads in shame for boring the pants off us. *Roger Cook* ♣

Cover girl's hair by Tony Cornish at Chelsea Hair Fashions. Shoes by Midas.

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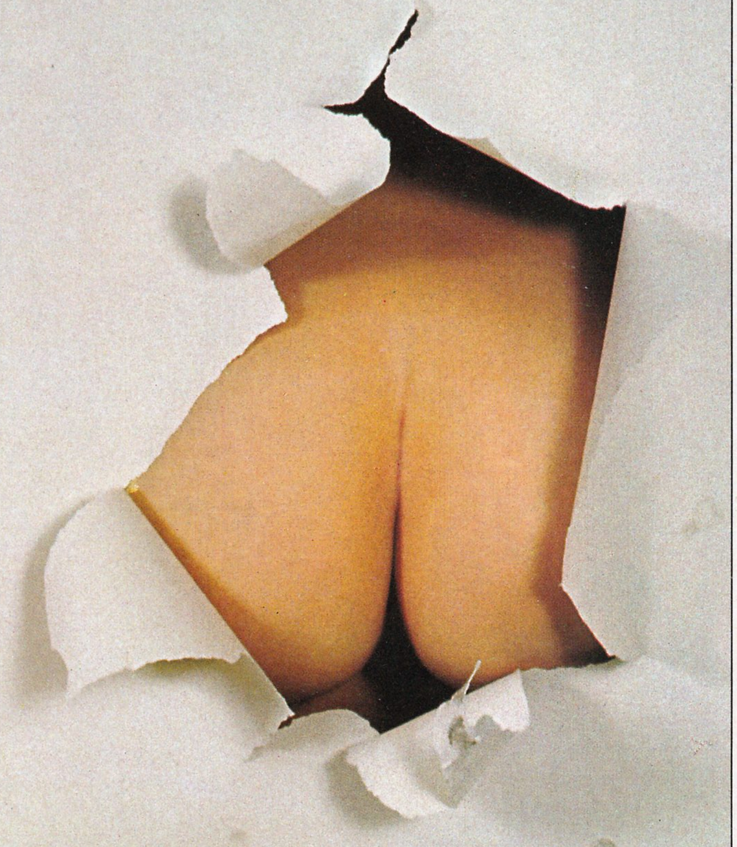
ALL WILL BE REVEALED...



. . . when you make certain of getting your copy of *Club International* by taking out a regular subscription. Not only will you be given the low-down on some of the loveliest ladies around, you'll be entertained in a manner that men of the world expect: the finest and most informative features, the most intriguing and erotic fiction, the funniest cartoons and, of course, letters that are enough to make the stamps curl! All you have to do is send off the money, and for the next 12 months, revelation will be yours. It's enough to make you tear apart at the seams . . .

Please send me the next twelve monthly issues of *Club International*. I enclose cheque/postal order/cash for £9.60 (United Kingdom) or £12.50 (Overseas). All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., and all cash should be sent registered post. Cheques will be held pending clearance. Send this form to: The Subscription Manager, The National Magazine Co. Ltd., 22 Armoury Way, Wandsworth, London, SW18 1HA.

Name...
Address..
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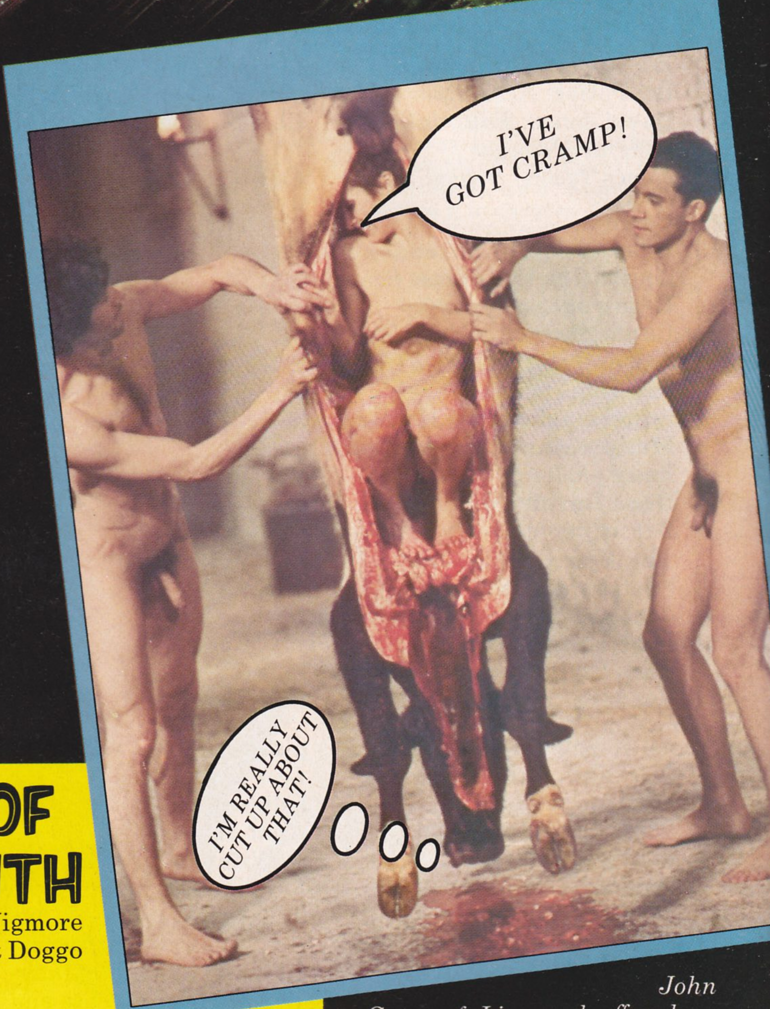
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE CI
I am over eighteen years of age.

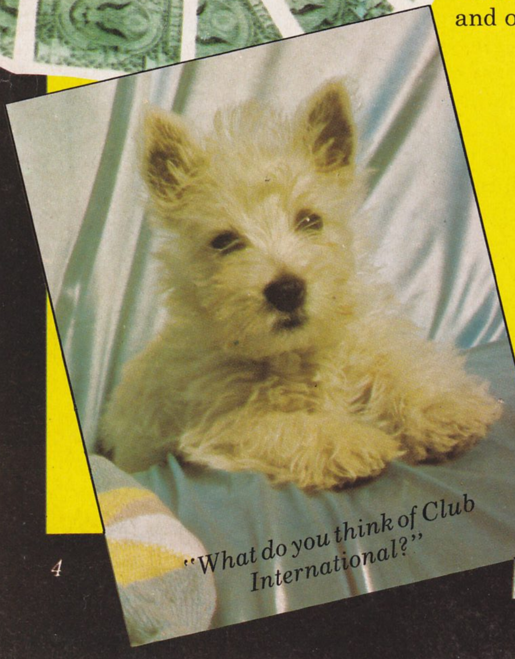
Anything too personal to publish, too rude to consider, too far out for words . . . send it in to *Casino,* Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. We'll publish it and probably be damned!


I'VE GOT CRAMP!
I'M REALLY CUT UP ABOUT THAT!

John Gates of Liverpool offered us several alternative captions for the above. For example: 'Nice to meat you Miss-Steak 1977!' and 'Offal-ly nice to meat you and get the inside story!' or (from the steer): 'I knew they'd have my guts if I got horny!' Yek!! (John receives £75 star prize.)

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Our thanks to A. Cole of 5 Wigmore Place, W.1 who has since lost Doggo and offers £50 for his return.



"What do you think of Club International?"

"RUFF!"

LOOK ALIKE

A remarkable Look Alike for the delicious S*s*n Ham*-shire? We think so . . . Watch this space for an amazing development in the next few months.

£100 prize every month

Miaow-sterbator

£100 awaits the French gentlemen who sent in these sensational shots of his cat in action but neglected to attatch his address.

Doodle of the Month

£50 and our thanks to reader Martin Burke, Brechin, Scotland.

CLANG! CLANG!
CLANG!
S
SHITTER
BRAAAAT!
TINKLE!

Candid Camera

Marie Bugle of Derby and Connie Peters of Coventry – £25 each!

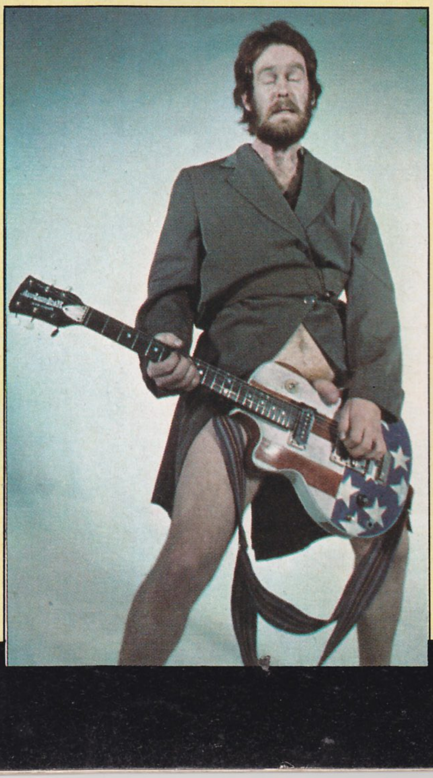
PARTY OF THE MONTH

J. Arnold, Streatham, SW16. £25.

WHAT A LOUSY MOUTH JOB . . . MAYBE I'LL BLOW HER TONSILS OUTA HER ARSE!

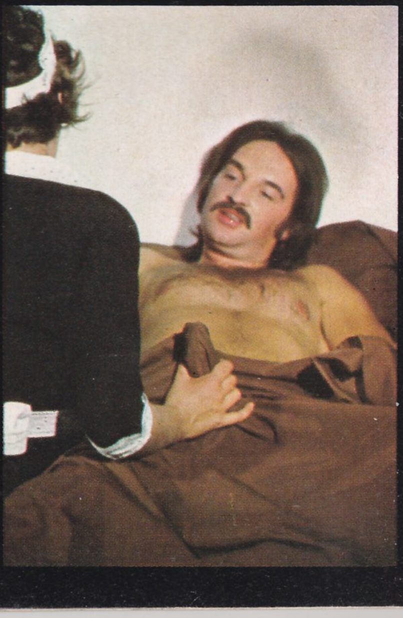
WHAT A PRICK

The sensational Alberto y Los Trois Paranoias pop group pop their poppers this month and prove they're Top of the Cocks!



Silver Cock Award

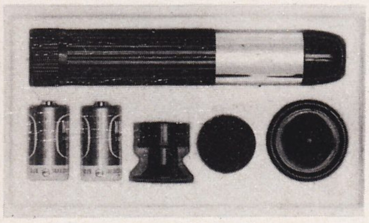
Following in the footsteps of *Goldfinger* we present *Silverstick* as our runner-up Cock of the Month. £25 to N. Crawley.



SEXUAL ANATOMY OF WOMEN

Witness a revolution in pictorial sex instruction. New and high controversial guide to the intimate sexual anatomy of women, presented in high definition photos, most of them in full colour for ever greater clarity. Here are completely uncensored close-up photographs revealing many different variations of women's vagina, breast. This book is strictly for sale to adults. £2.25. Code 205.

THE TICKLER



Here is a powerful deluxe vibrator of quality construction, reinforced with metal and with 4 attachments, interchange instantly and the entire kit is beautifully gift boxed complete with batteries. Quite tingling. £6.15. INC. VAT CODE 316.

ACTS
OF
LOVE

New Edition of the bestseller book with a new collection of photographs. This magnificent book is a step by step course which clearly illustrates through brilliant and detailed photographs the many and varied forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. There is a book that will teach you Advanced sexual techniques and positions to add pleasure and excitement to your sex life. Step by step practical instruction on how to achieve sexual fulfilment each and every time with your love partner and a lot more. £2.75. CODE 104.

How to improve yourself in bed

A sizzling, between-the-sheets, manual, with how-to-do-it-better check lists including premature ejaculation: prolonging the pleasure: aphrodisiacs: fellation and cunnilings; a sex shopping list and how to liberate your fantasies through action. £2.50. Code 223.

LOVELY LINDA

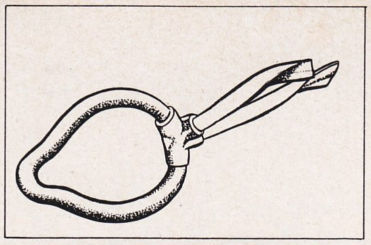
— the sexy doll. Every man's dream comes true with Linda, the maiden who never says no, who is always ready and is never satisfied. Linda is realistic in every way — beautiful big open mouth, full breasts and soft inviting parts — always ready and willing to make your wildest fantasies come true. £15.00. CODE 305.
Vibrating Linda. £17.00.
CODE 511 INC. VAT

UP THE MINI and YOUNG SEX

Up the Mini. Absolutely packed full with dozens upon dozens of candid, breathtaking photographs, some taken secretly with ultra powerful tele-photo lenses.
Up the Mini takes you on an unforgettable 'scan art' book . . . **and Young Sex** — the sensational 'scan art' book first published in Sweden which reveals intimately the young misses both in those dresses and uniforms that become so incredibly erotic, and completely nude, exposing all the sexual assets and attraction of the uninhibited 'Lolitas', Candies' and Twinkies. £2.00. Code 069.

Sex Encyclopedia

Over 100 full colour pictures with frank descriptions reveal in detail all aspects of human sexuality. Sharp colour pictures show exactly how the most thrilling sex acts are performed, such as: cunnilingus, fellatio, masturbation, and many others. £5.50. Code 705.



DR. RICHARDS RING

BE THE MAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE!
Dr. Richards Ring lets you prolong your love making for as long as she demands.
With Dr. Richards Ring you will never leave her unsatisfied again because this unique device enables you to keep a strong, hard, lusty erection for as long as she needs to achieve an orgasm — and you will respond naturally, and enjoy sex much more.
This simple, medically designed, and approved device fits over the male organ easily and unobtrusively — one size fits all and is guaranteed to give you and your lover heightened sexual pleasure. Stop being a failure — right now — order your Dr. Richards Ring today. Price £3.75. Code 308.

LUST FINGER

(FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH)

It's an idea that originated in Japan over 2000 years ago . . . and it's been growing ever since. (Ah, those inscrutable Orientals have always known how to make love to a woman).
Now, for the first time, we introduce Lust-finger . . . with soft latex rubber — with nearly one hundred tingly ticklers — which makes you the master of any women you want.
Next time you're in bed, slip one of these on — watch your woman squirm and writhe in sheer delight . . . and beg you for more . . . More . . . MORE!
Get several — and try a few experiments in lovemaking. It's essential equipment for the man who really enjoys his sex — as well as the woman who really enjoys her man! One size fits all. Comes two in a pack. (In black and white.) Lasts for years.
Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. £2.75. Code 307.

ORAL SEX ACTS and YOUNG, FREE and NAKED

The most daring exclusive material of its kind available. Uncensored full page photographs and a frank revealing text that discovers and explores all the positions and movements of the sensual art of oral love. . . .
And picture packed pages filled with breathtaking Scandinavian nude studies of Europe's most beautiful, scintillating and best endowed women. Two books £2.25. CODE 960.

'TOUCH ME' SEX CREAM

Lovers call this the "dream cream" — because it makes sex truly fabulous, exciting, different.
Rub it on you — and notice her reaction. Almost like magic — **almost as if she is out of control** — you will find that she wants to lick . . . to suck . . . to blow . . . the areas that have been treated with **"Touch Me" Cream**. But there's more! Blow gently on the area — and notice the warm glow. Then lick it — and enjoy the delightfully delicious taste.

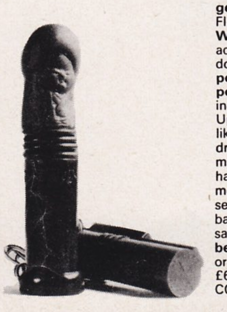
AND NOW YOU'RE READY FOR A LITTLE ADVENTURE!

Use **"Touch Me"** Cream on her. **Now it's your turn!** You'll feel irresistably drawn to her, to enjoy her taste. To lick . . . to do incredible things with your tongue. Try it on other areas of her body — **and begin to enjoy sex as never before**. See how it makes every night into a wild and totally new experience.
THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS
Try **"Touch Me" Cream** — (It comes in fabulous Strawberry flavour). Throw a **"Touch Me"** party with your most intimate friends.
30 day supply £5.90 INC. VAT. CODE 801
14 day supply £3.25 INC. VAT. CODE 802

SUPERSTUD

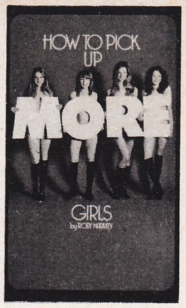
Make Great Lovers even greater –

The ultimate sexual vibrator. Designed as the **perfect imitation** of the ideal penus. Huge. Hard. Soft tipped. Perfectly formed. But the shape is merely the beginning. Flip a switch – and the soft tip begins to purr and tingle.

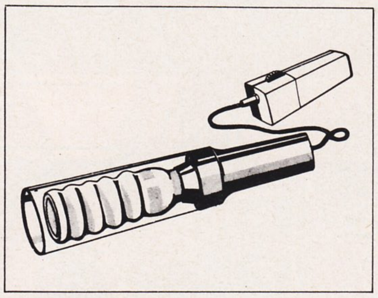


Now you're just getting warmed up! Flip another switch. **WOW!** Super Stud actually moves up and down. **Pounding . . . pounding . . . pounding!** Expanding and contracting. Up and down. Just like the **real** thing. "It drove me out of my mind," reports one happy and delighted member of our research staff. Works on batteries. Perfectly safe. An experience **beyond description** or imagination.
£6.75 INC. VAT
CODE 184

HOW TO PICK UP MORE GIRLS



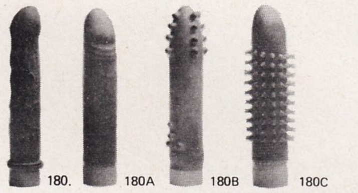
Inside every man there's a girl-catcher screaming to get out. But how many times have you let her escape — into a train . . . Out of a pub . . . Why women are dying to meet you. World's greatest pick-up technique. How to get women to approach you. A total guide to seduction plus interviews with beautiful girls who tell you in their own words just what it takes to pick them up. £2.50. CODE 128.



EXTASUCK

The ultimate sexual machine. It looks like a vibrator. It tingles. It expands and contracts. It moves up and down — gently . . . powerfully . . . silently. And then — at the **perfect** moment — it starts to suck. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! Nothing like this has **ever** happened to you. Wild! **Beyond belief.** A masterpiece of modern science. One of the most magnificently engineered "tools" of all time. Totally silent. Perfect for office use — or for the person who travels. Now you can have the **ultimate sexual experience** whenever and wherever you want it. The gift idea of a lifetime.
For only £15.95. INC. VAT. CODE 712

The New PHALLIC VIBRATORS



This powerful vibrator will tingle your nerves, vibrate every fibre of your body and lift you right up to the highest level of complete enjoyment and fulfilment. Use it alone or with your partner. You control its every move, every rhythmic thrust of concentrated stimulation. Undoubtedly the finest of them all. £6.15. (each). INC. VAT

WICKED SEX SUGAR

New erotic stimulant lets you make love to anyone you desire and have her at your sexual command anytime anywhere. This special aphrodisiac made from carefully blended erotic spices, including the Muama Puama recognised throughout the centuries for its powerful stimulant effect. Mixed easily in all kinds of drinks. Mailed in plain package. £2.50. Code 304.

GOLD FINGER

The only vibrator that looks chic on a dressing table, Goldfinger is sculptured in silk smooth black plastic. Coated with eighteen carat gold top and band.
Goldfinger is a fabulous female teaser pleaser which vibrates from a low purr to an ecstatic buzz. Buy it for her now, in a beautiful gift box. She will love you for it.
Only £5.95. INC. VAT. CODE 713.

MADAME ORGASM

Guaranteed to heat up even the most frigid. Just a touch of cream applied to the clitoris will start things going. It takes effect immediately and the tingling sexual feeling will last for quite a while. A must for the woman who hasn't had or has lost the desire for stimulating sexual contact. Willcreate the desire again and again and again. NOW, the many glorious joys of satisfying sexual union can be yours. Completely safe. Should make even the frigid purr like a pussycat. £2.99. Code 503.

SENSATIONS OF SEX

Dr. Robert Chartham's latest sex guide to the sensations of Sex. This record-breaking illustrated guide to love which contains numerous full page photographs of beautiful naked couples in the full throes of love, and, for the first time, actual pictures of intercourse and fellatio, group sex, etc., plus a comprehensive instructive text on sexual techniques. £2.60. CODE 168.

2 BIG GIRL SPECIALS

This large BIG GIRL edition is a must for all BIG GIRLS fanatics. Dozens of black and white, colour photographs of beautiful, exciting BIG American Girls. Books you see only once in a lifetime. Two books £2.50. Code 340.

at last — the first HIS and HERS vibrator for use during intercourse. A fantastic new experience for both of you.
The PENISATOR gently and tantalizingly stimulates and excites the male organ whilst transmitting its vibrant thrills to the most sensitive erogenous zones of the female the natural way — via the male member.
Placed in position in a second — unobtrusive in use — universal fitting. The PENISATOR is also a valuable aid to attaining an erection quickly. Glide it up and down the limp penis and it will produce an erection faster than any other means of stimulation. £8.95 inc. VAT. Code 510.

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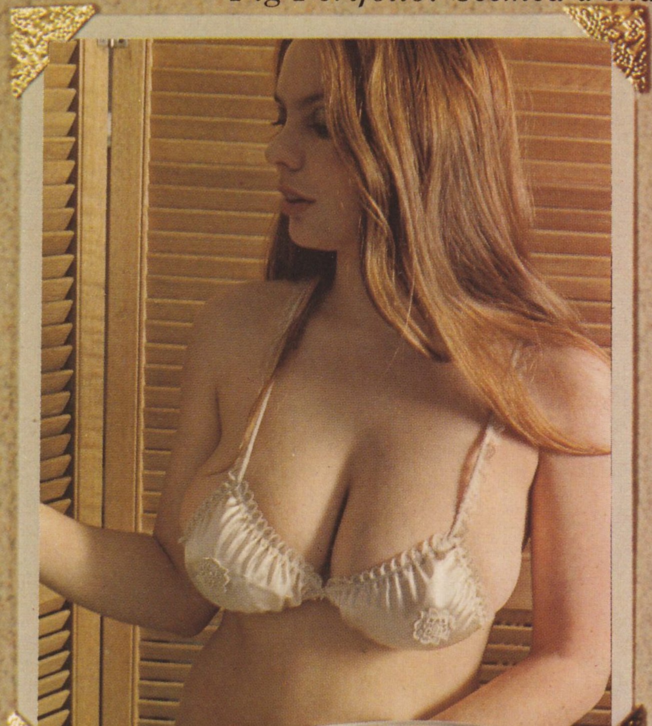
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

Beauty and the Beast . . . We couldn't resist asking the lovely Annie to enter our contest. The lady is a talented artist and actually made the pig's head she wore in our memorable Pig Portfolio! Seemed a shame for her face to go unseen . . .



Annie

Photos by Cecil Beatonhismeat

Once in a while we see no reason why our contenders shouldn't be beautiful. Not that Annie isn't well qualified as a heavyweight. She stands six feet tall and has magnificently formed titanic tits, each one the size of Kojak's head. But her size in no way undermines her overwhelming sexiness. She'd make a gay priest horny. Looking down the front of her dress is like viewing the Grand Canyon from the air. And that pulsating pussy . . . what a place to give your prick a sauna . . . We love you, Annie, good luck in the contest and enjoy your £100! ♣

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

by Paul Novak

Several years ago, stuck between college terms, I got myself a part in repertory in my home town and found out that everything they say about actresses is true. Actors, too.

It was easy for me to get the part. And it was even easier to get the parts – all of them private.

I'd been a dancer, and they needed dancers, and I passed the simple audition easily, because, frankly, they were willing to take practically everyone who came their way just to be able to fill up the stage. And when I saw who else was going to be in the show, nothing could have kept me out. There was half a cast of 50 to choose from, and actresses are a horny bunch. Actors, too.

The girl who'd told me about the audition and I had once had a mutual attraction we'd satisfied in the lighting booth of the little theatre at university the season before during a performance of *The Boyfriend*. I had a friend in the chorus who'd asked me to come and see her dance, but when I'd got to the theatre, all the seats were taken. She'd talked her friend Cherry, who was the lighting lady, into letting me stand in the booth until her number was over.

As luck would have it, I'd pulled a muscle in dance class that afternoon and it was extremely painful for me to stand. So good old Cherry gave me her seat. It did not

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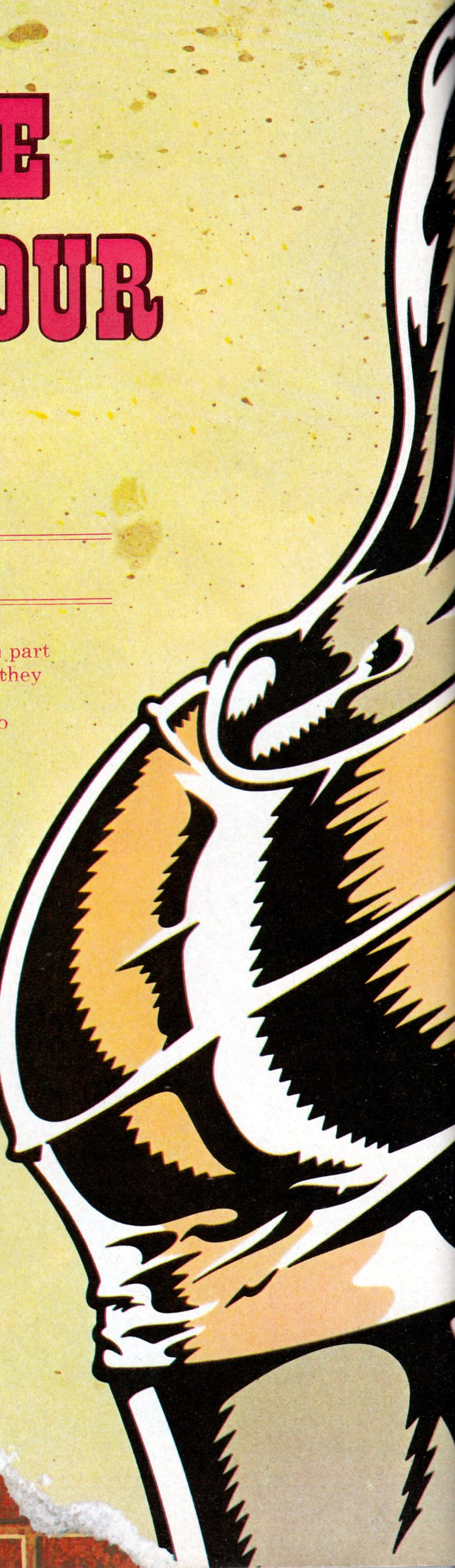


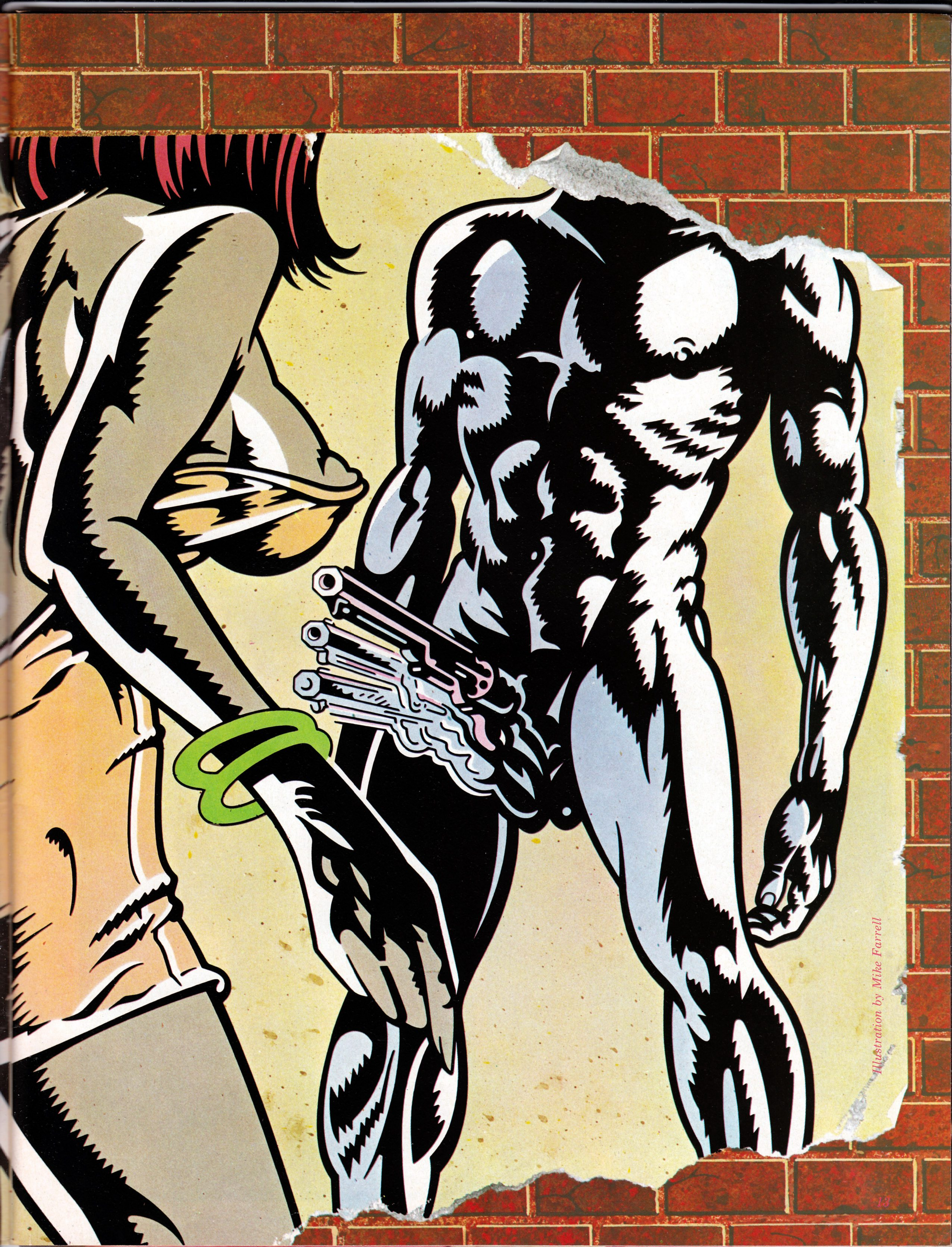
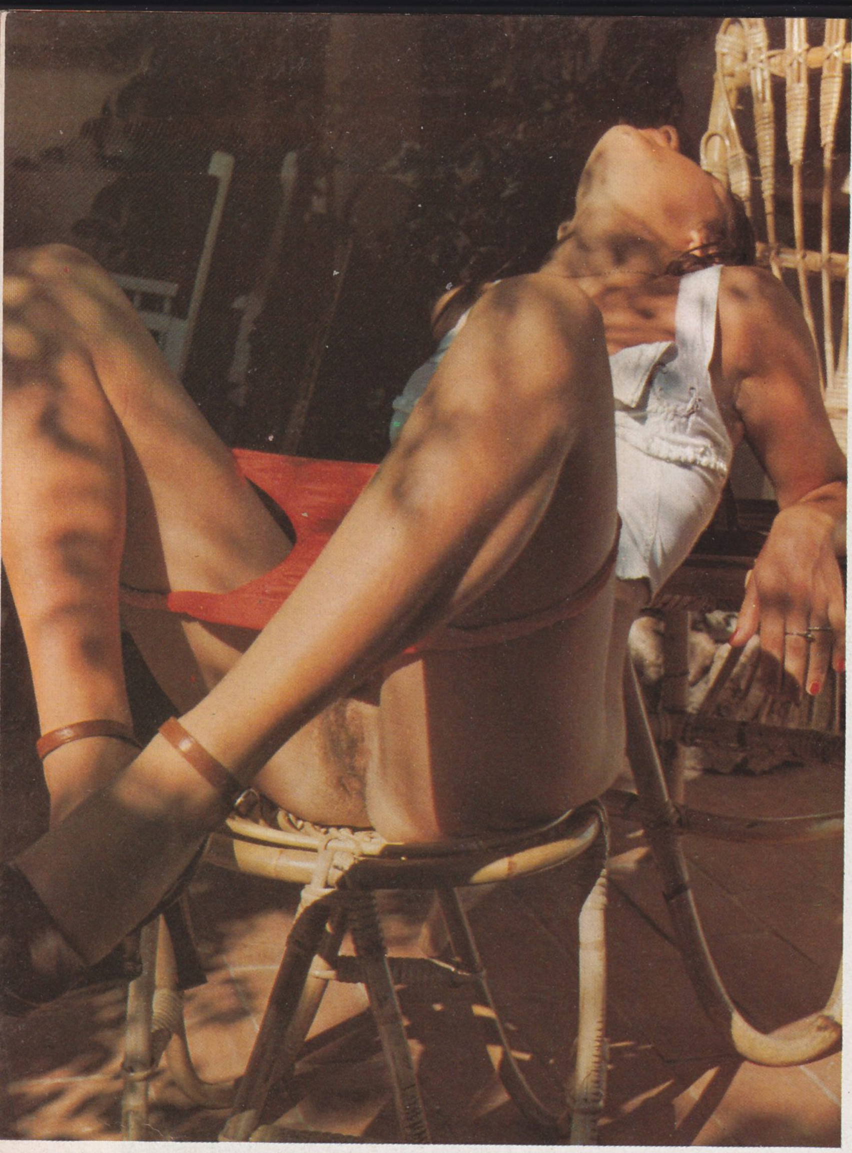


Illustration by Mike Farrell

CATHY

Photos by Fanny



Can you imagine the perfect holiday, in sunny, sensuous Portugal? Well, we could, and it's a good thing we went when we did. Cathy was someone else who had had the same idea and we were lucky to come across her as she was getting ready to let every inch of her body soak up all that wonderful sun.

She was obviously very excited by the prospect of sunbathing totally nude and we just could not pass up the opportunity of photographing her.

She probably thought no-one had seen her but when we made our presence known she introduced herself as Cathy. We asked if she'd mind if we took some pictures, and she smiled and said she did not care. With that, she once again began to undress so that we could get a really good view of all her attributes. And she sure as hell had some attributes to display, as you'll see when you review these pages!

She told us that she had a fantasy about a good-looking man coming along as she lay naked in the sun. At first she'd feign surprise at being caught but then they'd get talking. This man would really turn her on but she wouldn't want to tell him. He always makes the first move in her fantasy, and it consists of a hand reaching out to her ample breasts. Then he would strip and lie beside her while she would kneel and begin to give him a massage. One thing would lead to another, in the way that it always does in the best fantasies and they would share a glorious sun-soaked day of titillation, meaningful glances and gentle, promising seduction.

In the end they would retire to her place to finish off the fun! All we could think was that we wished we were the guy – how about you?! ♣

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

continued from page 12

yet occur to me that it might be literal. I could see it was difficult for her to manipulate the light keys for the cues standing up, so I said, "Aren't you going to fuck up if you keep standing?" Even I could tell she was missing her cues at that angle.

"I'll just sit then," she smirked, and plopped her arse straight down on my lap, kidding around.

And at that particular moment, I happened to have a hard-on because my little blonde friend in the chorus was doing some high kicks that were turning me on. At her last number I had found my cock creeping up the inside of my jeans while I was closely scrutinising the elastic edge of her dance tights, imagining I could really see a few pubic hairs straggling their way out into the open air. The fact that I had been longing to find out just exactly what that pale blonde mound really looked like added enormously to the fantasy, and in no time I had a raging boner.

But the dancer was lost in Cherry's squirming, because my erection pressing into the opposite side of her lap was more immediate than anything on stage could ever hope to be.

I expected her to jump up, surprised and perhaps a little bit affronted, but she just nestled in deeper. She wasn't going anywhere. She ground her hips into me, and pushed my hard-on, still encapsulated in denim, back into my belly button. The weight of her body, inviting as it was, was beginning to cut off circulation in my legs, and the limb with the pulled muscle was beginning to go cold with ache, despite my attempts to ignore it in the face of what was so obviously and so welcomely about to happen to me.

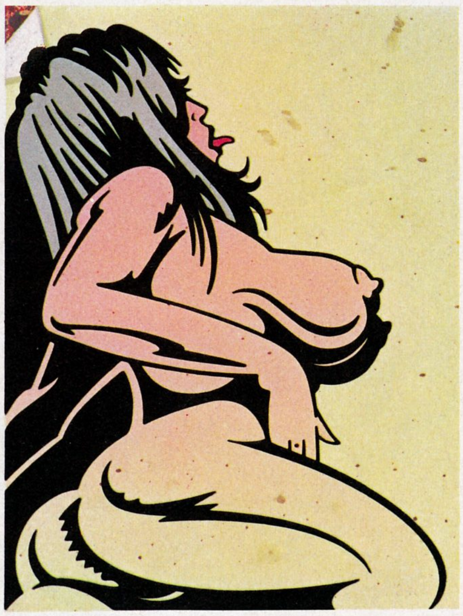
I couldn't do anything but wiggle until she got the idea. All the time she was inviting me with her arse to partake of her body's secrets she was busy on the lightboard slipping levers, bringing spots down to half and then to fade and bringing up a new scene. Now, though, she hadn't made a move in quite a while and I realised she had reached a stable moment in the production where she could just let the lights ride.

In another of those characteristic abandonments of all logic that plague my life, I opted for immediate satisfaction. Let me put that differently: the moment she was off my lap, I spun her around, stood up, kissed her hard, and pulled her body close to mine.

"Got any cues to watch?" I whispered.

"Not for ten minutes," she said, with a frantic look at the wall clock and her cue sheet. And with that, her clothes became a pile on the floor. She helped me out of mine gingerly, avoiding my bandaged thigh, and then we were both naked there in the little theatre lighting booth. The company was just going into *There's Safety In Numbers.*

I grasped Cherry around the hips and bent so that she could take my erection standing up. When I first felt the head of my cock push past her wet portals, I straightened my knees and dived straight in. I went in all the way without obstacle, and instead of pumping in and out as I wanted to, I didn't want to put the strain on my thigh and just stayed in pushing hard against her cervix. My balls met her labia majora and kept pushing in until they were flattened in her groin. I strained upwards against her and held her body tightly against mine. I used all the muscles in my one leg to counteract the other's inadequacy, and I overcompensated to the point where she was gasping for me to fuck her, just so she could feel me moving in and out of her hard and heavy.



She sneaked another look at the clock and the cue sheet, and closed her eyes with a nod to tell me everything was still all right. Beads of sweat had broken out on her forehead from trying to reach her climax in the time remaining, and I knew that were she to come drastic measures would have to be taken.

I took them. I saw a big black lever at the left side of the lightboard, the far end of the console, and thought its dildo-like shape perfect for a little rear entry. I shimmied her down to the console edge, and manoeuvred her. I licked my fingers wetly over her shoulder and applied the saliva to her arsehole, which parted under my fingers as if it had been waiting for me to make the move. I diddled her in and out for a few moments, an eye on the stage, another eye on the board, opening her up and getting her ready for that backdoor blitz she was about to receive. With the last remaining shove I had left in my good leg, I lifted her up and sank her down slowly on to the lever.

Up and down she went on it and me. Harder and harder. I felt her body pushing towards mine, and I was virtually bent over backwards. I couldn't straighten up because I didn't have enough strength in my leg to push her up, and I just slowly gave in under the inevitability of it all. She was breathing mightily and the perspiration poured off her nipples on to my chest.

And then the lights went out.

We fell back on to the floor panting, coming down from her climax, an orgasm that had literally blown the lights.

For that black dildo had been the emergency master that killed all the stage and house lights in case of short circuit or fire. Or orgasm. When she had borne down upon me, the lever had slowly slipped into 'off', plunging everything into darkness.

What happened afterwards I won't relate. But I was back the following term, and Cherry was still my friend.

Which is how I ended up in a small-town repertory production of *Annie Get Your Gun.*

Things went well for the first few weeks of our six-week rehearsal schedule. First cast read-through, first blocking of major tableaux, moving people around on stage to make them look better, scene structuring, costume fittings and so forth.

Then we got down to the serious business of sex.

It all seemed to happen at once: there we were one day, trying to figure out a way to get the four guys from the barbershop quartet in *My Defenses Are Down* offstage and back on in Indian dress in seven minutes, and the next I ran into a homosexual orgy backstage.

The orgy occurred the day we all got our costumes back from the fitter, and we had to try them on one last time. Fittings had been made individually before, and this was to be the director's final looksee. Women were sequestered upstairs in the costume room, but since men outnumbered women in this particular production, we all had to go backstage behind closed curtains and change *en masse.*

I was the lead Indian dancer in the show, and I had this enormously elaborate costume of a hundred thousand

continued on page 46

DOCTOR PROVES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been until now anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in girth. The length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

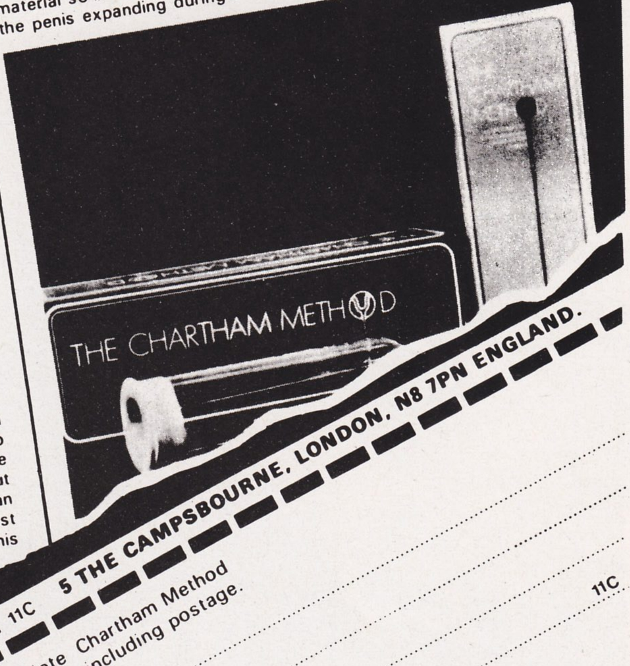
A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WIL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN T US.



ORDER FORM ULTRANORM LTD., DEPT. 11C 5 THE CAMPSBOURNE, LONDON, N8 7PN ENGLAND.

Please send me, by return, the complete Chartham Method
I enclose £12.00, which is the total cost, including postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

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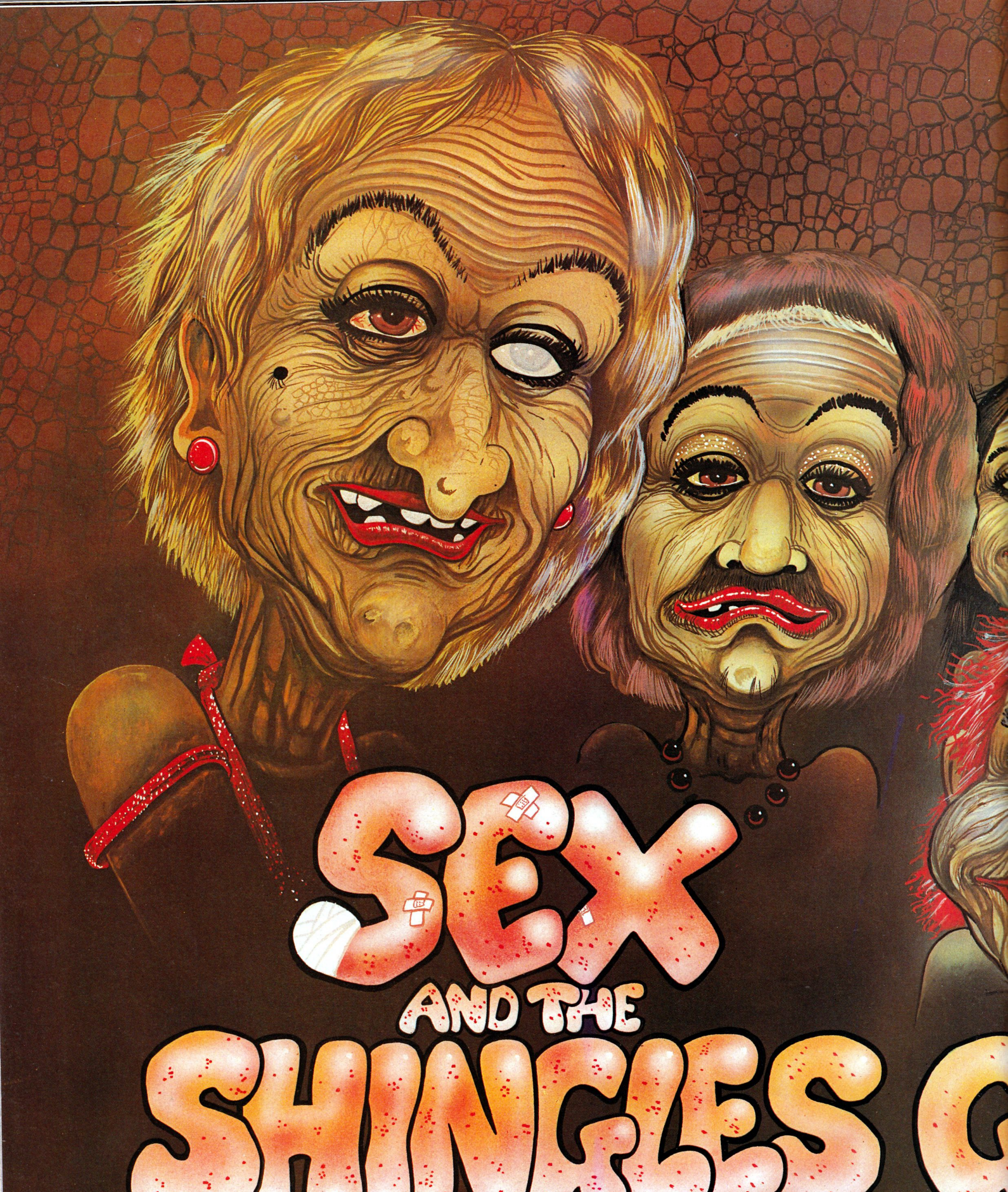
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
If you do not wish to cut
this page, you may send
your order on plain paper.

LINDA

Photos by Serge Jacques



SEX AND THE SHINGLES G

by Noel Joseph

GIRLS

They get turned on by the word 'BUPA'.

They go to the head more often than they give it.

They're on canes, not cocaine.

They get stoned just by sniffing the glue on your toupée.

They're the older chicks in our society – our Senior Citizenesses – but they make a great lay!

When you consider all the benefits offered by one of these older ladies, you wonder why anyone with their head really together would prefer screwing a young one. Because there's just no comparison as to what you'll get (and what you *won't* get!) when you 'dip your delight' into one of the ancient wonders of the world.

First off, an older chick is just that – first off. They come as easily and as often as a life insurance salesman. All you do is touch them, and they have orgasms all over the place, some lasting as long as seven weeks – since they don't come all that often, and have a lot of built-up sexual frustration.

Next, they don't give you that bullshit the younger chicks do, like, 'Do you really respect me?' and all that crap. They *know,* these obsolete ladies, that they're lucky to be getting touched in

continued on page 61

Illustration by Mike Jupp

sandwichs
SAUCISSON

sandwichs

Hot Dogs

Photos by Serge Jacques

Sam has a reputation around Paris for dishing out value. He never short-changes a customer. Once he knows what they expect, he sees to it that they get satisfaction.

We can all appreciate the pleasure of a long, firm, moist sausage. Boys and girls alike love the feel of that full, well-rounded shape in their mouths. A flexible fun food to be consumed and consumed again. Jodi and Nicky have particularly acute taste-buds and a desire to consume all that Sam can serve up, so when the sausages run out . . . ♣

sandwichs
SAUCISSON
HOT DOG
SAUCISSES CHAUDES
HAMBURGER
JAMBON CRU

CROSSE & BLACKWELL tomato ketchup
CROSSE & BLACKWELL tomato ketchup

Ma
NEW
2p. OFF
Vim
macle
EAN TAYLOR

Illustration by Ean Taylor

SUPERMARKET GIRL

by Harold Wayne

She was something else.

I was only sixteen, but I recognised class.

The first time I saw her I noticed the fine little ridges just below the snow white short-shorts. Tiny creases separated the pale swell of her buttocks from the smooth, muscular lines of her thighs.

When I looked at the lady, I thought about my girlfriend, Susie, the boss's daughter.

Susie was nice. She was sweet and little with knobby boobs. But she was nothing like the lady who came into the store at 6.15 every Thursday night and spent 25 minutes wandering up and down the grocery aisles.

Susie did everything I asked of her. Since that night two months before when we had parked next to the reservoir, I was able to do anything.

That was the Saturday night I got off early.

I finally worked my hand up her thighs and into her panties. I clamped my mouth over

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Margaretha

Photos by Fanny

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

continued from page 20

beads and bells and feathers that had to be put on piece by piece, and I didn't know what went where. So I left backstage early and went up to the costume mistress's studio, knocked on the door, and in another five minutes had all my pieces in place.

And when I got back down to the stage to wait for the director to have a look at all of us, I found things had changed in my brief absence.

Someone had lowered all the lights to deep blue, and in and out among the hanging black velvet drapes in the wings, I could dimly make out various gropings and nude bodies. At first I naïvely thought the girls had finished their fittings and had come down for the real business we had all just been playing at these few weeks, and then I abandoned that when I saw who was doing what to whom. Some doings!

The main activity was fellatio. Half the chorus was down on its knees blowing the other half of the chorus. It would have been better looking if the bodies had been better, but the director had taken anybody he could get his hands on, and that meant a lot of fat amidst the muscle.

I suppose, looking back on it, that I was more surprised than shocked, because what had been a Sunday afternoon costume session had suddenly turned into Dante's *Inferno* under blue floodlights.

And around the edges were people like me, busy watching the action, mouths agape, morals a little off-centre, utterly blown away.

A few more seconds and I would have been literally blown away. My orange and black feathers stood out in the indigo dimness, and eyes began to turn my way. I left forthwith and stationed myself in the front row until the curtain rose. Only then did I dare set a foot backstage again.

Strange scene, these theatre people, I said to myself. It was proven to me a few days later in a dance rehearsal. Lacking space, the theatre had hired an extra trailer out back to accommodate fast costume changes, and I was awaiting my entrance in one of the scenes when I chanced to look out of the stage door at the parked trailer.

There, visible only in the single bulb that illuminated the trailer's interior, was my current crush, a 17-year-old girl from a local high school who was my dancing partner in *Sun in the Morning*. She was changing her clothes for her next scene, and I'd caught her at the moment she was lifting her pullover over her head.

She was bare-breasted beneath. Now, naked tits may not mean much to a jaded soul such as I, but on that barely post-pubescent vision, they were an adolescent wet dream. They were the right breasts on the right girl I had waited all high school to see. Now they were there in front of me, after all these years away from sophomore year, pink and ripe and jutting straight out into space the way a 16-year-old boy thinks tits are supposed to jut, and topped by soft pink nipples, smallish but puckered into tight little thimbles of erection that had become aroused when she had pulled the wool over her head.

I missed my cue standing there. I couldn't take my eyes off her, and the assistant director had to come and get me. I made my apologies afterwards, but not before I had seen my fill.

And not before she had seen me take it.

Our eyes met in the instant before I left to go on stage, and in that moment, she shielded herself, then let go of her breasts, turned and faced me fully, leaned on the windowsill of the trailer. And smiled.

During the next hour we had the *Sun in the Morning* dance rehearsal, and the fact that she was my partner made it both uncomfortable and intriguing. I wondered how she would take my voyeurism. She didn't say anything much to me, though, as we practised our lifts, where I picked her up under her arms and swirled her around so everyone in the theatre could appreciate how much care and attention by the costumier had gone into the selection of her half-dozen 1890s petticoats.

The lift itself really didn't matter. It was just choreography to show off the costume budget, but I really did care that it should look good, because, for Christ's sake, it was my family and friends who were going to be filling that audience.

So Sharon didn't at all mind when I suggested we stay after everybody left to work a bit more on the elevation. We waited until people left, and then stayed behind, with just one worklight on stage. I taped that particular section of the song on a cassette ten times in a row so we could work on the lift successively, like fast practice.

Nine times I picked her up and set her down. On the tenth, I held her as high as I could, then let her go for a second while I gained a new hold on her waist to lift her even higher. It seemed better than the underarm lift. It seemed even better when she let herself slide down between my hands until her breasts lay squarely in my palms.

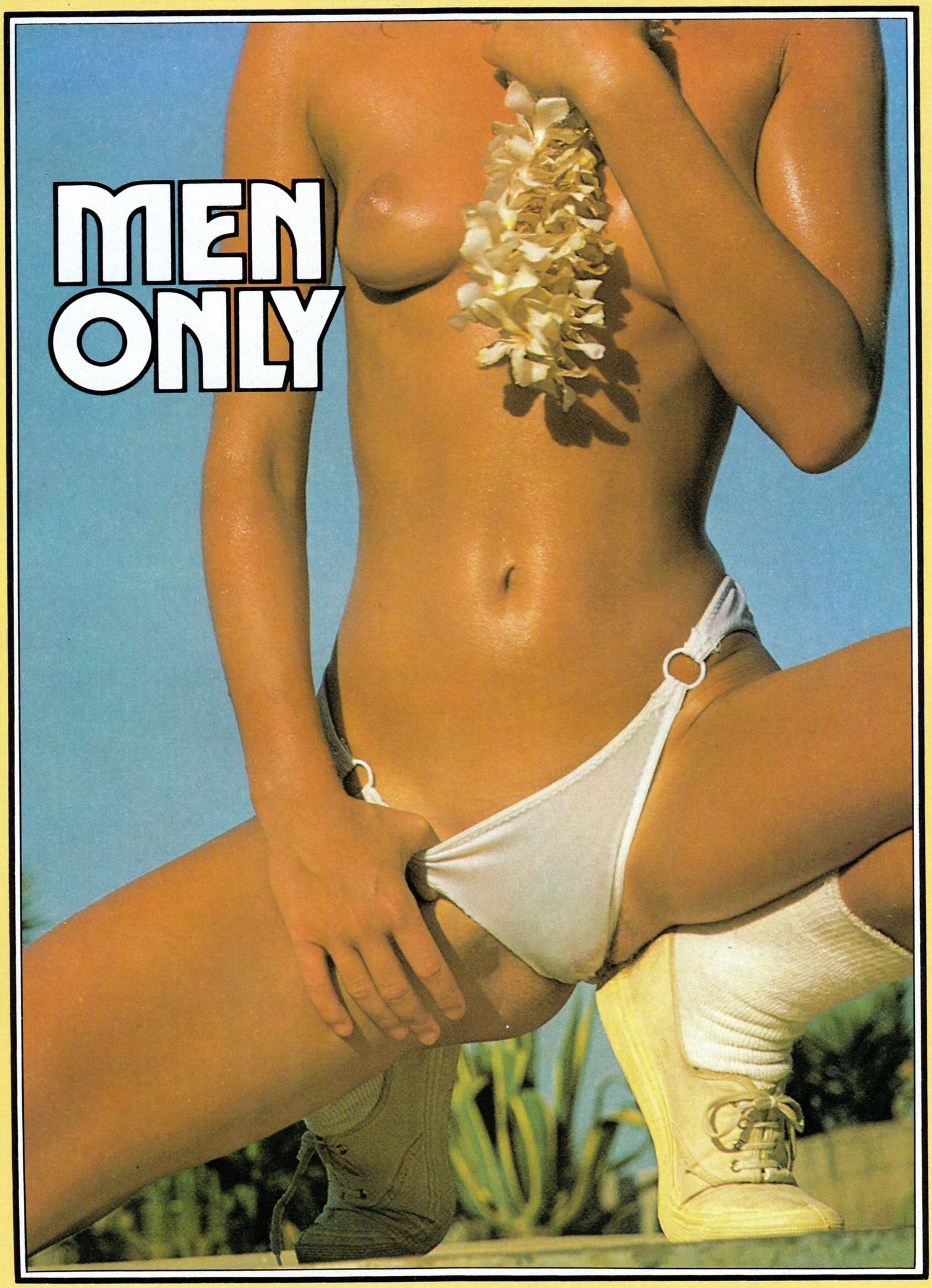
I suppose I knew it was inevitable, that we had only been playing a game since I saw her in the trailer. But I really had not intended for it to go this far, for in my small home town, my inclinations were called statutory rape, and they'd bust you for it sure as cowshit dries in the sunshine.

Nevertheless, my erection had grown so tall, and I was in such an awkward position holding her aloft, that the button on my jeans gave way with a snap that filled the stage. I let her down, and tried to button up again, surprisingly embarrassed at myself. She took over for me: but she pulled the zipper down instead of up, and her mouth was upon me. She sucked until I came once, and then she kept sucking until I came again. She swallowed it all, too, like a practised veteran. In between orgasms I had wanted to make love to her, abandoned my caution, but when I had found my way up under her petticoats and placed a tentative finger inside, I found the way blocked. She was a virgin. She made herself willing, but I couldn't do it. I had regained control and knew it was a dangerous thing to do. So she sucked me off that second time, the come spurting out of me hardly before I had thought of it. Then I took off her petticoats, laid them like a mattress under her in the middle of the darkened stage, and gave her sweet young cunt my mouth, the only thing I had to give that wouldn't get both of us in trouble. She tasted totally unused, but her little pink clithead jumped in its hood when I gave it the tip of my tongue. Her lips opened up to me like a flower as she became excited, and the juices flowed out of her like spring perfume. When she climaxed she pulled my head in tight, and I stayed there breathing in her scent until it became improper for us to lie there any more.

The blowjob syndrome that had infected the chorus boys and my dancing partner did not end there. There was one last instance when I caught someone ministering to the skin flute, and it was a result of my investigating muffled 'oohs' and 'aahs' among the fabric remnants in the costume room. I sneaked in, knowing what I was going to see, but not yet whom. I found the leading lady, Annie, giving superb head to the leading man, Frank. He had an erection that would have choked a horse, and she was taking it to the hilt.

Or should I say to the hammer? Because it was very obvious to me standing there that Annie had got her gun. And was loving it. ♣

Are You Up To It?



Are you up to hearing more about the sex therapist, Martin Cole, who astounded us all with his controversial use of surrogates? Up to hearing the dangers involved in the threesome stakes? Up to reading the raunchiest ghost story of all time and then seeing pictures of the raunchiest show in town? And that's just a *small* taste of what's inside this month's issue of *Men Only*. You'll have a peep at some very saucy Valentine cards as well as seeing many beautiful girls, seductively adorning their bodies especially for you. So buy your copy now for the very best in men's magazines!

Roxy

Photos by Adam Cole

Dead Boring

by Noel Joseph

You're balling away, just like old times.
Hour after hour.
Then, suddenly, one of you stops.
Because . . .
One of you is dead.
Is it you? You pinch yourself.
Nope. Not me. It must be her.
Shit. *Now* what!?

Photographs by Fanny

Now what, indeed! For years you've been screwing this bird in your flat. She was a great lay. A fun person. Great looking. Gave terrific head. You'll miss her. But then! You remember. She was also – married! Uh, oh. What was that her husband did for a living? A butcher or something. You can already picture your balls hanging in the window of your local purveyor. You have to act fast. But what to do. What????

Relax, it Happens Every Day

Not to worry. You're not the first cat to have a chick kick off while in action, so let that be your first comforting thought. (Your second is to remember that her husband wasn't a butcher after all, but a hairdresser.) And you also remember that those other guys who had it happen to them didn't come out too bad. In fact, you can't think of *ever* reading in the newspaper about the old croak-in-the-cunt situation. Why? Because the smart, hip guy knows exactly what to do. And this is it:

First, Make Sure!

Maybe she – or he – or it – isn't dead! Poke the deceased gently with an ice pick and see. If huge chunks come off, *rigor mortis* has set in.

Keep a Souvenir

Hell, you've been going steady with this lady a long time – you deserve a little memento of your relationship to remember her by, right? Nothing her family will ever miss. Just the money in her purse, her diamond ring, her watch. Maybe even a toe or two you can easily add to your charm bracelet as a lovely souvenir. All right. Done. Now what?

Getting Rid of the Body

If you live in the country or suburbs, this is no problem. Just think about it for a while – your native ingenuity will suggest the obvious solution! But if you live in a high rise block of flats about 176 storeys tall, with 2986 apartments, it's not easy to explain a body, especially since you probably only have rubbish collection once a week. If it's winter you can keep it around a few months – and your caretaker will be happy not to supply heat. In summer, however, that's a different bag. But the body *can* be disposed of, cleverly and completely. Here are a few ways:

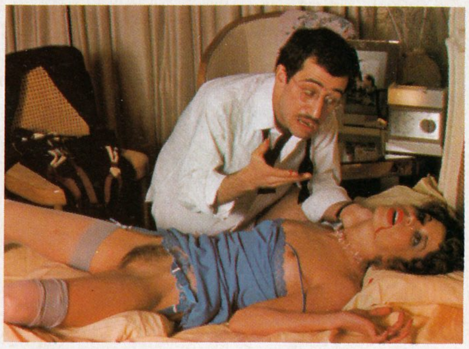
(1) Pick her up. Turn your stereo up loud and 'dance' the body out of the door to a taxi, humming a catchy tune as you go. Everyone will assume she's just drunk – like all those other birds you date. Just put her in somebody's parked car – then it's *their* problem.

(2) Dress her up as a Girl Guide and put her outside a neighbour's door. Ring the bell – and run! (Records show that Girl Guides disappear 97.5% of the time, and 98.3% are raped first, so the police will quickly buy the whole act.)

(3) Put a Lord Lucan mask on her, call the police and collect the big 'Missing Person' award.

(4) Sew her in a flag and throw her in the ocean, singing *For Those in Peril on The Sea* as you do.

(5) Wait until there's a big party in the next flat. Then lug her into the bedroom and throw her on the pile of drunks and coats. By the time they find her, you'll be well into your next affair.



(6) Shoot her – and claim she was trying to break into your flat.

(7) Wait until Hallowe'en, then lean her against a neighbour's door. Yell 'Trick or treat!' and run.

(8) Call a doctor – any doctor – and tell him his patient is seriously ill, and he'd better get his ass over before you charge him with malpractice. (Doctors are so overworked they're easily confused and won't bother checking to see if she's really their patient.) With luck, the doctor will come over, examine the patient and say she is 'fine and improving steadily'. He'll give you a prescription – and a perfect alibi!

(9) Take her back to your office in the dead of night. Put her in the office of your boss. In a few days he'll be in the slammer – and then *you'll* be the boss!

(10) If you want to get out of paying your rent – and who doesn't? – put *your* clothes on her and some of your identification papers. Then just move out. The Landlord will think you've turned drag queen – and were killed by another gay.

(11) (This one is hard to believe, but many dumb cops will swallow it!) Put a bathing suit on her, call the police and tell them the body just washed ashore. It's so weird, they'll buy the story – even if you live hundreds of miles away from the sea. Why? Cops don't want any problems, because it looks bad in their record come promotion time.

Of course, if you live above an undertaker's, you're home free. What funeral director ever counted the stiffs lying around the joint?

Preparation is Everything

Why wait until the last minute? If you're really socking sex to your married lover, the odds are she'll die of *something* while you're giving her a good going over, say with that macho 12-foot whip. After all, Fatty Arbuckle's girl konked off just by being balled by a coke bottle – and they didn't even have the giant gallon size in those days! Not only did Fatty pay for the oversight of not being prepared, but he didn't even get to keep the refund on the bottle due to the shitty publicity. So be wary!

Or, Make a Clean Breast of It!

The uninspired lover will panic and run screaming to the late loved one's husband and blab and cry away the whole sordid story. But this is the last resort only! Her husband might be a bit pissed off at learning you've been dipping your dork into his personal property all these years. However! You might have some luck here. Most husbands (81·6 per cent acording to the latest figures) won't miss their wife at all – and may actually be grateful to you! If you can find this out, you'll spare yourself a lot of grief. Here's how you accomplish this:

Stash the body in a closet and casually drop around to your former girlfriend's home, disguised, say, as the milkman. Tell her husband his wife owes you £300 for past milk deliveries (might as well make a few quid). Then listen carefully to his answer when you ask if the mistress is at home today, sir? The perceptive Lover of the Late Lamented will immediately sense how solid the husband/wife relationship was, and can act accordingly. For example, if the husband replies . . .

'Haven't seen the fuckin' broad for three days. Hope the hell she died in some guy's apartment or somethin'!'

. . . Then you know you've got it made.

You simply wait until dark, dump the body on her lawn, call the police and

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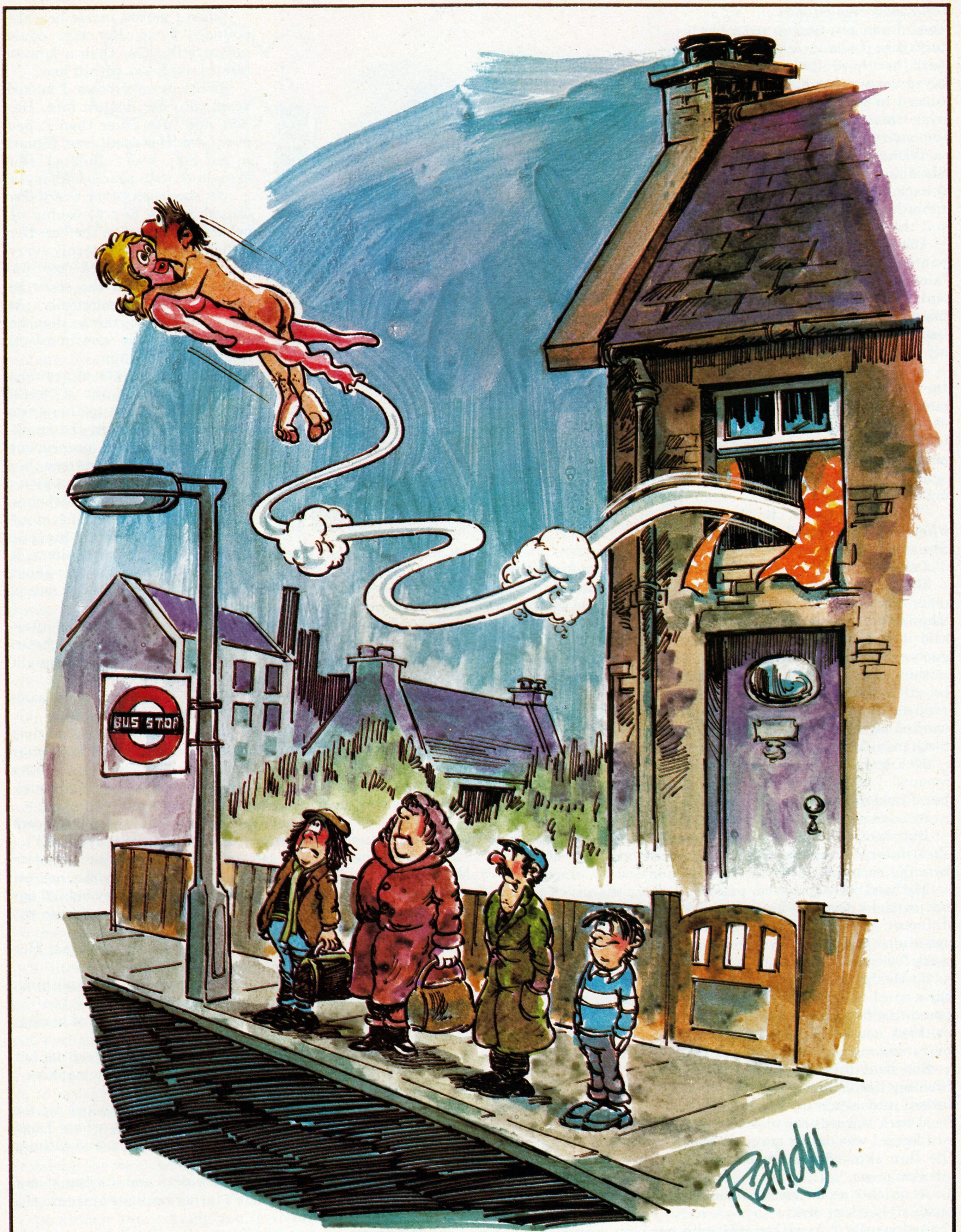
BUS STOP
3
Randy.

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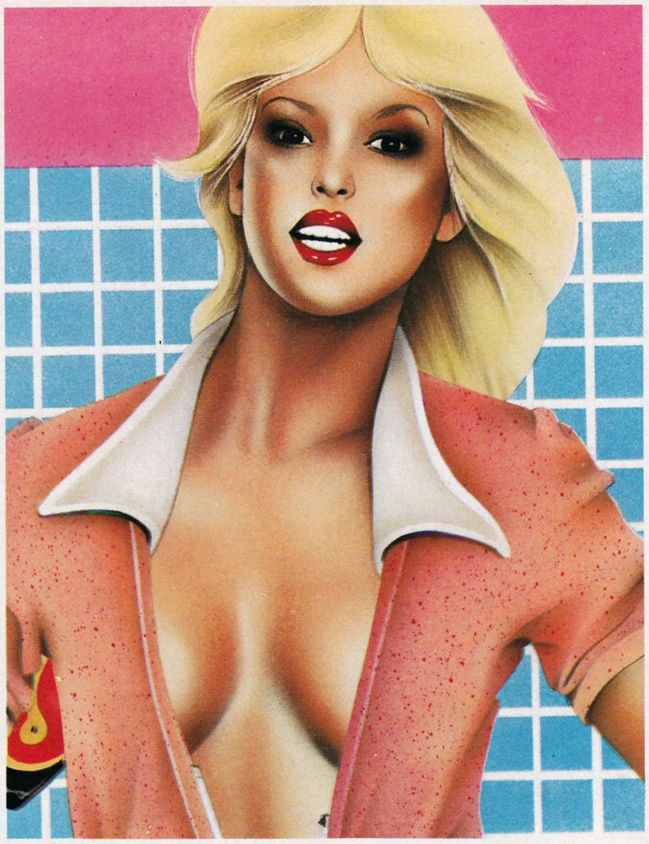

hers. I ran my tongue over her teeth like I always did. I played with her hard little breasts. I loved the way her nipples always turned to rock. I'd run my teeth over them and they'd become impenetrable – like iron.

That night she didn't stop me. She didn't take my hand and push it back down to her knee when I rubbed my fingers over the silky-soft thigh that I adored.

When I tore the whisp of panties from her middle, only a faint cry squeezed from her throat. Instead of pushing her hands against my chest and shoving me away, her lips closed over my tongue. She sucked.

As the tip of my forefinger ran the tight ridge between her movie-star-type legs, I felt the skin give beneath my touch. Other fingers barely touched her pubic hair, and her bottom shifted against the plastic seatcovers of my three-year-old Chevy.

"Karl!" she said. It was a whispery, loving word. My name. She said it like it was the last word she would utter.

I slid my finger in and was amazed at its instant moisture.

Before this time I had been with two whores. Both were older women. Almost 40. They were leathery to the touch. They didn't like me to stick my finger into their cracks. They said it gave them 'the itch', which didn't make me feel too good about making love to them. But they were better than nothing. Both had to use Vaseline before penetration. They lay still while I did all the work.

Susie's cunt was delicious to the touch. By the time I'd worked my finger in and out five times, while my tongue and teeth played with her sculptured nipples, I'd come in my pants.

Her body worked up and down, around and around. I moaned. I hoped she couldn't tell. I was damned if I would tell her. I held my breath for a moment.

As soon as I came, I went soft. I pulled my finger out of her.

But she didn't stop moving. She said, "Karl!" the same way she'd uttered it before. She began unbuttoning my shirt and running her nails down my chest. She kissed my nipples.

My hard-on reappeared, pressing tighter than ever against my jeans. I knew that I would be good as I tasted her new and different, sweaty and animal-like odour. The mixture of perspiration, perfume, and sexual excretion made my nostrils work feverishly.

Suddenly, she pushed back an arm's length. Before I could say a word, she worked the dress up and over her head. She exposed tiny features, like a doll washed in moonlight. I sat with my back against the door and stared at her and finished unbuttoning my shirt and sliding my pants to the floor.

She bent forward, kissed my hairy leg, and moved her nibbling lips. When she tasted the tip of my penis, she looked up and into my eyes. "You taste good," she said, and tilted her head back towards the object of her affection.

I knew I was on the verge of exploding when her lips traced the thin skin and her teeth barely nicked the head of my swollen penis.

As quickly as she had gone down, she leaned back. She was completely silent now.

Awkwardly, I found my way with her help. I sank into her dripping box. The flesh devoured me like a molten pot of red-hot honey. Involuntarily, I groaned aloud.

When I moved inside her, she pounded away. Her hips could not be still. Less than a minute later, I exploded within her.

Rising to my elbows, I looked down into her flushed face. Her pert nose was cuter than it had ever been. Her small face, framed in red hair, was contented. Her eyes shone with a damp happiness.

We saw each other every day for two weeks. Every evening we made frantic love in the car. Her father looked at me sternly every night when I picked her up. When he came to the store he stared at me unmercifully. At last I began to think that he knew, but Susie continued to insist that he did not.

After a late night of arguing, I didn't see her for a week. When she came in to the store, I found jobs to do in the stockroom at the back. I peeped out two or three times and saw her looking up and down the aisles for me. I refused her telephone calls. When she phoned me at my parents' home at night, I hung up on her. During that week, I must have jerked off 15 times. It seemed like every time I went to the bathroom I thought about Susie and her pretty little hard boobs and her downy-haired little cunt pressed into the seat of the Chevy.

When Susie's Dad came into the store on Thursday afternoon, he stayed in the manager's office for more than an hour. When he came out, the tall, grey-haired man walked straight to my working area.

I was stacking French-cut string beans when he said, "Karl, how are you doing?"

"Very well, sir," I managed to say, and at the same time the lady in the tight white short-shorts entered the front door with a tight see-through halter clasped around her healthy breasts. Watching her step in the four-inch high-heeled shoes, I know my face went pink.

When Susie's father saw the woman looking up and down a shelf of first-aid supplies, he said, "Help the lady, Karl!"

I walked towards her. I examined her from the exquisite heels pressed colourlessly against the shoes to the narrow ankles and the sinewy firm calves to the tiny valley behind her knees to the full, blossoming thighs to the thin creases to the bulging white balloons of buttocks.

When I stepped within a foot of her, she pivoted. Her brown eyes widened.

Stopping abruptly, I opened my mouth but said nothing. I studied her perfectly painted full-lipped mouth.

The pointed tip of her pink tongue broke the seal of her lips and slowly, tantalisingly, outlined her upper lip.

She spoke in a husky voice delivered from deep in her throat. "I'm looking for those teeny-weeny feminine napkins," she said.

I stepped back. I nodded. Nobody had ever asked me for sanitary towels before. I looked around. I knew where I had stacked them that morning. I found the small box, and without speaking handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said, smiling widely and staring at me.

Nineteen minutes later Susie's father beckoned me into the office over the intercom.

When I answered, he told me to pack up the lady's groceries and carry them home for her right away. So I went.

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SEX AND THE SHINGLES GIRLS

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that intimate place by anything other than a gynaecologist's tool – and they respect *you* for giving it to them. In fact, they will even pay you with cash, gold watches belonging to Ramsay Macdonald and original ferrotype photos of the Boer War, taken by their first boyfriend, General Smuts. All these items are valuable, and can be exchanged for more modern and practical things like grass, coke and booze.

Now consider the cost of dating an old doll. Do you spend 25 quid on them for dinner? Hell, no! Their doctor said they can only eat Complan, anyway, and that goes for about 30p a jar. Besides, their doctor also told them they have to be in bed by seven p.m., so that rules out dinner – and also gives you a great excuse to take them home and put them to bed quickly.

And where do you take them after you've picked them up from some park bench? To a hotel room that will set you back at least another five quid? To a cheap motel for old folks called *The Half Inn*? Hell, no, again! You go right to her home! She lives alone, of course, since her husband disappeared while on a holiday trip with Gordon of Khartoum. She does have a cat, but cats get laid a lot themselves and are seldom home.

Unless she's having an attack, you will probably need some sort of bullshit line to give her to get her to her home. No matter how old the broad, they still go through a romantic façade of needing a *rationale* for getting picked up. If you can literally pick her up while she's lying there on the ground, you've got a natural excuse. Otherwise, you'll need some sort of opening remark, like "My, you remind me of Clara Bow!" (Actually she looks more like Clara the Cow, but you've got a foot in the proverbial door, so to speak). Next, you invite her to a movie, knowing full well she can get in cheap on her pension book. You also know that the queue outside the cinema is so long she won't be able to stay awake long enough to get in, so you can devote *your* time to 'getting in'.

So already this evening you're about 50 quid ahead versus dating a young cunt. And the fun hasn't even begun!

At last you get to her flat. She offers you a drink. Now you're ready for an evening of *amour,* or at least a few minutes of sex before she falls asleep or passes away completely, whichever comes first.

By now you've got an idea of what 'her thing' is. It could very easily be the bondage kick, because at her age doctors are always strapping her to a table for something or another. You can do this easily, using dental floss, since she's no doubt as weak as hell and can't put up a struggle anyway. (Don't bother spending 20p on dental floss, since her medicine cabinet will be full of the stuff, next to her spare false teeth, Steradent and batteries for her oxygen tent).

Or, you might try the discipline approach. This will consist of taking away her crutches, or shouting in her hearing aid: 'If you're naughty, dear, we won't play "The Brave Hunter bites the beautiful Beaver"!' (You don't really want to play this anyway, since the 'beautiful Beaver' looks as if it had been already bitten to death, by a pack of wild dogs).

And then, you remember! That little gift you had bought for her! You search frantically for it in your suit, and finally find it. You hand it to her. She whimpers with glee and dashes off to open your thoughtful gift. She emerges a few minutes later wearing it. Candy Pants. Those new underwear briefs actually made of candy. Made to be eaten. You grab her, and help her over to the bed. (If you're a Boy Scout, this is worth three points towards your Merit Badge). You help her undress by unbuttoning her buttons. This takes 20 minutes, because you've never unbuttoned a pair of high-laced boots before. Then you lift her tenderly on to the bed, remembering how Marcus Welby did it on TV.

Naturally, you've remembered to bring your battery-operated vibrator, because you certainly don't want to risk using your own sexual organ! You might catch senility, or some other disease of the aged. In the dark she reaches out wildly, and grabs it. Suddenly she screams, 'Oh my God! I broke your cock off! I'm sorry!' You reassure her by saying. 'That's all right. I can get a new one transplanted for £500. Er, do you have your cheque book handy, darling?' But now she's fascinated with the vibrator, having never seen one. She rubs it on her shoulder – and wouldn't you know? It feels great – on her arthritis!

After a few more hours of rubbing her with the vibrator, trying in vain to find an erogenous zone, you've finally managed to get her slightly interested in the matter at hand. You pull her towards you and mutter sweet nothings in her hearing aid, words like, 'Rate rebate!', 'Butlins!', 'Shoveha'penny!' and the phrase that really turns an old bird on: 'Max Bygraves!'

At this, she comes all unglued and is really on heat. You can tell, because her varicose veins have lit up like a road map of Spaghetti Junction. Now in hot passion, you reach out and grab her tit. Or was it your own tit? It was hard to tell the difference.

She coyly fights you off, saying in a pant, 'You silly boy, you remind me so much of Lord Attlee!' And she adds, 'What if my neighbour should come?' This is highly unlikely, since her neighbour is a 97-year-old and hasn't come since the Boer War. But you make a mental note to date the 97-year-old if this evening fails.

Finally you get her pinned down and tear off her new Candy Pants. You're about to eat them in simulated ecstasy when she screams, 'No! Don't!' And a good thing you listened to her. The Candy Pants have already developed diabetes!

So you didn't get laid this time. There'll be other times, because there's no competition. No hot-blooded young stud's after *this* one! No guys to fight over her affections – and afflictions. *Your* lady will always be awaiting you, with open arms, open wallet, and open sores!

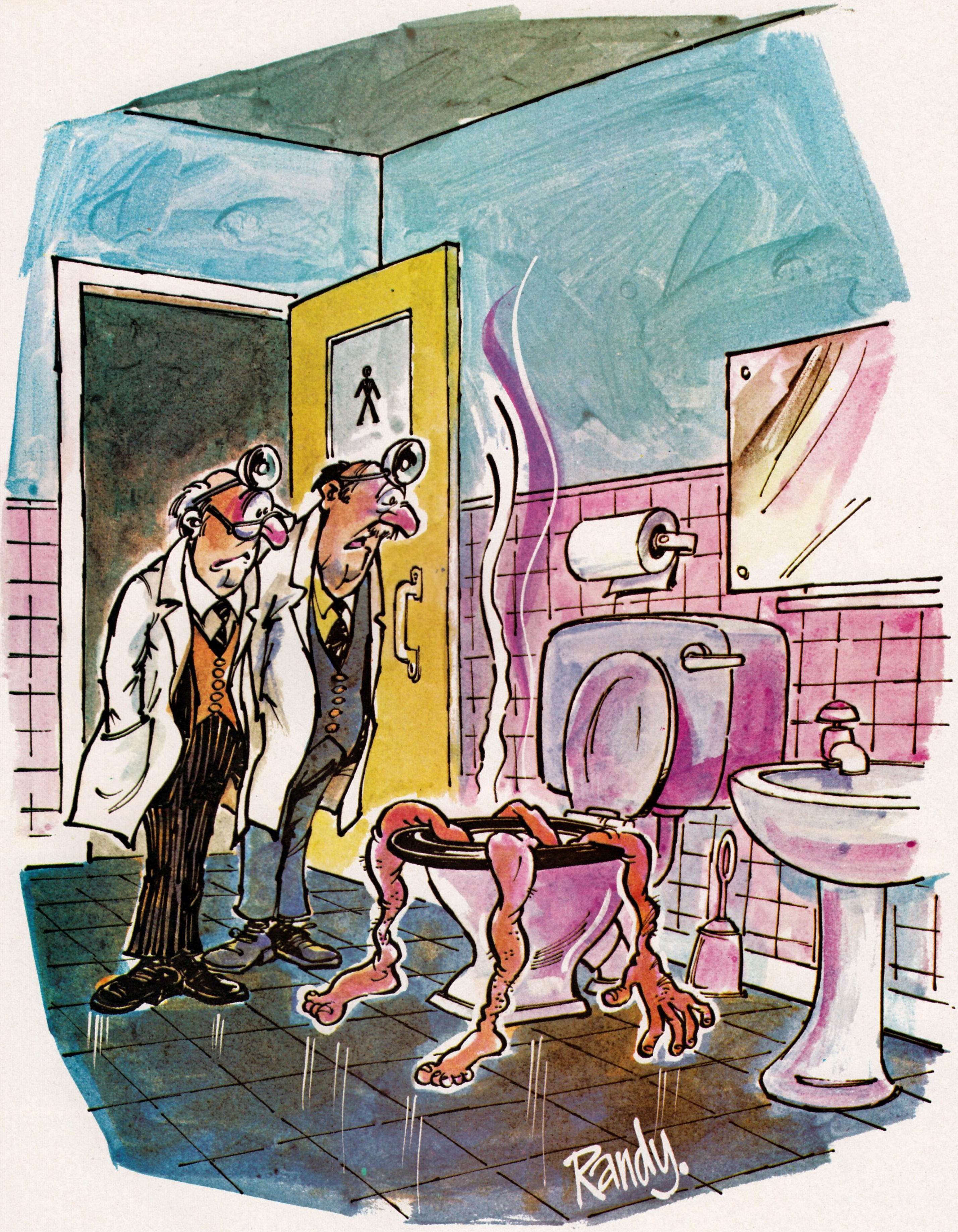
So while all those smart-ass young assmen are devoting their time to trying to screw young chicks – and paying through the nose for the privilege – *you're* in 'Hog City' cuntwise. You've got a broad who will do anything to you and for you. You've got it made in the shade!

One final note. You can easily meet those old broads! Yes, all you do when you spot one in their usual habitat (near hospitals and the cemetery) is to rush up and give her a big kiss. Nine out of ten will immediately accept you, because they think you are a nephew or some relative they've long forgotten. The other one will scream 'Rape!' and cops will run up. But you're home free, baby! Because you have the perfect excuse. 'I was only giving this lady mouth to mouth resuscitation, officer!'

So instead of getting ten years in Wormwood Scrubs, you get a Good Citizen Award, which you use to show the *next* old broad that you're a respected, trustworthy citizen worthy of *their* trust and truss. ♣

PENNY

Photos by Rupert Daines



"Worst case of diarrhoea I've ever seen."

The Spirit of Ecstasy

by T. Christopher Siklos

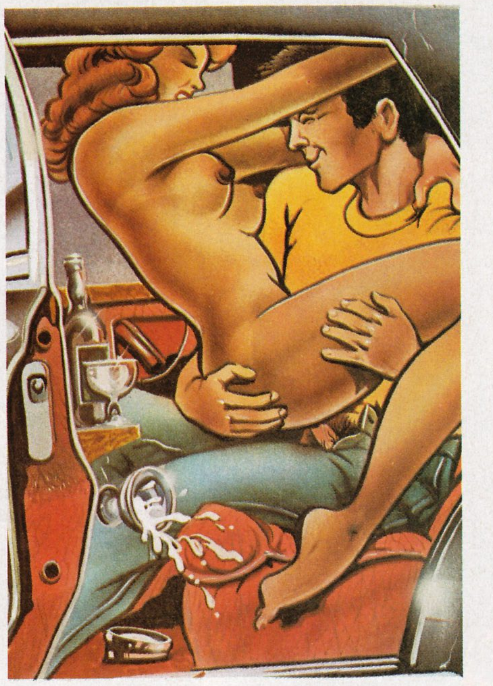
Tuesday had brought with it a cold, damp night, but the heat flowing palm to palm made it easily bearable. Tuesday was 'social night' for the Freedom Club, a Glendale-based organisation of sexual libertarians, and so as Karen and Geoff walked carelessly along the quiet avenue

Illustration by David Scutt

after the gathering, they felt very warm indeed. Young, curious and members purely for a lark, not by necessity, they had come together to come together.

The problem at hand was to find a spot. Mutually they had agreed that hotels and motels were boring, parks and alleys prohibited by the temperature, and their respective houses out of the question since they both lived with their parents – or claimed to.

Geoff appeared to be the quiet type, speaking only when absolutely necessary, content to grant his muscular frame a free hand in making introductions, clearing paths and settling arguments. Karen, on the other hand, was a veritable cauldron of enthusiasm who had a tendency to erupt rather than merely speak. Together, they created an ideal match in search of a place to ignite.



Still hand in hand, they rounded the corner of 66th Place and, momentarily dumbstruck, stopped dead in their tracks. There, parked on a block full of weary Chevys and Pontiacs, six family houses and unfulfilled dreams was a gleaming black Rolls Royce. Geoff drew a deep breath that could have easily been taken as theatrical and as Karen fought valiantly to contain herself, they cautiously approached it, as one would a bomb which threatened to explode.

"I can't believe it, what's it doing here, who does it belong to? My God, it's gorgeous! It's bigger than our apartment!" Karen, for the first time that night, seemed to have a difficult time in speaking. Geoff however, true to form, stood shaking his head mumbling, "Beautiful, beautiful."

Acting as if she fully expected to be bitten, Karen gingerly reached out and touched the rear door, running her long, sleek fingers over its surface. "It feels like glass, there's not a speck of dust on it. I've wanted one of these ever since the day I found out they existed. I suppose that everybody does, but with me it's an obsession."

Geoff just stood there quietly and listened. "I remember one time, when I was about 17, a few of my friends and I were up at the park hanging around, bored stiff and getting high. We walked into the parking lot by the picnic area and there was a shiny Rolls sitting by itself over in the corner.

"Well, we flipped out, it was so beautiful – it probably belonged to a dealer or something but, man, we didn't care, we damn near *licked* every inch of it. We were all pretty far gone and one of the girls said that if it had had a cock, she would have blown it." Karen laughed, almost embarrassed by the touch of devotion in her tone.

"Anyway, I picked up on that and said that it might not have a cock but it sure had one hell of a prick and that I was going to ball it. Now that I think about it, I must have been *really* wiped out because I pulled my pants off right in front of everyone, climbed up on to the hood and then tried to fuck myself on the hood ornament, you know, this chick here with wings."

She had moved to the front of the car and stood gently stroking the gleaming statuette as she spoke. "The Spirit of Ecstasy they named her. If they had only known that one day some crazy chick would turn her into part of a $50,000 dildo.

"Two of the girls helped me keep my balance and damn if I didn't get it in. It hurt like hell but, Geoffy boy, dripping and limping for a few days afterwards was worth it.

"They started getting into it too, and while I squatted, Missy started playing with me and Bess reached up and squeezed my tit. The whole scene was so intense that it just seemed to come naturally."

Discreetly, Geoff had begun playing with himself, grinning broadly as he listened. This had all worked out much better than he had thought it would. In addition to all her other desirable attributes, she had a sort of Rolls fetish. Phase two approached. He remained patient.

"I tell you, Geoff, I was absolutely wild. While they played with me I started rubbing my clit and licking my fingers, then I started yelling, 'I want to suck a cock, a big meaty cock!' If there had been any cops around I probably, actually *we* probably, would have got locked up. Or maybe," she winked, "taken to the back room."

Karen finally realised that *she* had been doing all the talking and so she stopped to see whether or not her friend was still around. He was and to her heart-stopping delight had somehow managed to get the door open.

"How the hell did you do that? Are you crazy? Wow! That's beautiful! How did you break in? You'll get us killed or canned or something, the guy's probably a gangster or a judge or something, maybe some kind of pimp! I don't believe it, you're nuts but you're terrific! Are you going to steal it? They'll catch us in a minute, a Rolls in this neighbourhood's like a rhinestone at Tiffanys!" She hadn't even stopped to breathe.

He chuckled at her analogy and said quietly, "No, hot silly lady, I'm not going to steal it, I'm just going to occupy the back seat for a while. Like you said, it's as big as your apartment and I figure as comfortable as your living room. Best of all, there aren't any nosy parents to disturb us, so let's get in and draw the curtains. All right?"

Boldly, he climbed inside, oddly appearing to feel very much at home, a fact that she was much too excited to notice. "Lover, I've got to be completely out of my mind to be doing this, but then again, normal people don't go around screwing strangers."

Karen appeared to have second thoughts about her last remark but she didn't bother to clarify it, content that she had got her point across. She was a social outlaw and a very horny one at that. With little further prompting she joined him.

Geoff was surprised, considering everything else that she had failed to notice, when Karen remarked that the interior lighting was especially bright. "Maybe whoever owns this baby has poor eyesight and trouble reading the labels on the bottles," he answered, gesturing towards the well-stocked bar in front of them. "Would my lady care for a cocktail?"

"No, I'll settle for a cock," was her immediate reply, her uninhibited behaviour setting him throbbing.

She quickly took the initiative and kissed him full on the lips while her hand travelled up his thigh, stopping when it found his zip. "God, all this excitement has made me very, very hungry. Do you mind if I dine?" Geoff feigned surprise: "Well, if you insist." "Yes," she cooed, "I insist."

Wasting no time, she freed his rigid organ (quite an ordeal thanks to the tightness of his jeans) and began to stroke it gently but firmly, sending him to even greater heights of arousal and causing him to grope for her cunt in order to reciprocate. Curiously, she wouldn't hear of it.

"Not yet, lover, the first act is all mine." Again, he couldn't help but chuckle at her appropriate choice of words. The first act. If she only knew.

No longer able to content herself with her erotic teasing, she slowly leaned over and took the tip into her mouth. Her tongue caught the clear drop of fluid that it hosted, this in turn being rapidly replaced by another.

As his hands tried vainly to clutch the soft leather upholstery, a signal that his initial end neared, she became more intense in her dining. Her hand pumped rhythmically while her head bobbed up and down, spreading her warm saliva over the entire surface of his bulging 'lollipop' (as she sometimes referred to them) and the loud, wet sucking sounds being produced made him groan with delight.

"Dinner is at the doorstep," he moaned, now jerking his hips in perfect time with her ministrations. She gurgled her approval, sucking wildly, pausing only to implore him to, 'let it in, let it in'. Obligingly, he proceeded to do so to the accompaniment of his own joyous shouts and her inhuman grunts.

She became like a starving lioness devouring her prey, swallowing his gushing semen in very audible gulps. Her hand pumped furiously, as though she thought it could prevent the flow from waning – and when he was finally drained, she continued to suck, in a successful effort to keep him erect.

She picked the most inopportune moments to notice things. Continuing to manipulate him, she raised her head and asked, "Do you hear that strange whirring sound? Listen. It seems to be coming from that box in the ceiling."

The box in question enclosed a pair of the 'bright reading lamps' that were located on either side of a similar one that appeared to have blown out. Karen then spotted similar 'malfunctioning' lenses on the bar, both rear door panels, and, oddly, on the floor. "What do you suppose they are here for?" she asked, as if she didn't really expect an answer.

Geoff, genuinely intoxicated by her performance, chided softly, "Maybe we're being watched." For a moment, she acted as though she took him seriously but then exploded with laughter and exclaimed, "Then let the fuckers watch this!" She pulled off her jeans, panties and blouse and placed her hairy crotch against the lens mounted in the bar.

"Hey," he jokingly warned, "don't do that, you'll fog the lens." She cast him a repentant glance and purred, "If you don't put this fire out," pointing at her pussy, "I might very well melt the poor guy's car."

The 'lioness' sprang at him, impaling herself on his gleaming cock and forcing a ripe, juicy tit into his gaping mouth. He responded by sucking it hungrily and pounding at her with a force that caused her head to hit the padded roof.

She, nonetheless, screamed, "Harder, fuck me harder, faster, break me open, make me beg you to stop!" His foggy mind, in reply to the latter, seemed to tell him, 'Fat chance!' This lady bordered on being more than he could handle, but he assured himself that at worst he would faint. What a terrible shame that would be.

His powerful hands grasped her behind and he began to bounce her up and down as though he were using her to jerk himself off. Her wild gasps of, "Yeah, yeah, that's it harder!" made it obvious that she enjoyed it. She moaned like one in the grip of a demon, sweating profusely and screaming, "Now, now, I'm going to come, you smokin' son of a bitch!"

Come she did and then limply collapsed on the seat beside him. His eyes felt heavy as he admired her fine, fine body, smooth and without a blemish, moving gently as she breathed. Lord, what a prize! She looked like an angel, fucked like a rabbit, sucked like a vacuum cleaner and, on top of all that, spoke perfect English. The best one yet.

He was still smiling as his hand slid the panel aside. In sequence he flipped the switches marked Cameras 1 to 5 to the off position and cut all but two of the lights.

He lit a cigarette, poured himself a Scotch and then leaned back thinking good thoughts. This film would make quite an addition to his library, a celluloid autobiography of his times among the swingers of America.

'Geoffy boy' took a sip of his drink and began to formulate a story to tell to sleeping beauty when she came to. In different ways, they would both remember this night.

Casually drifting off, he dreamed of his next membership and an erotically entertained autumn of life. ♣

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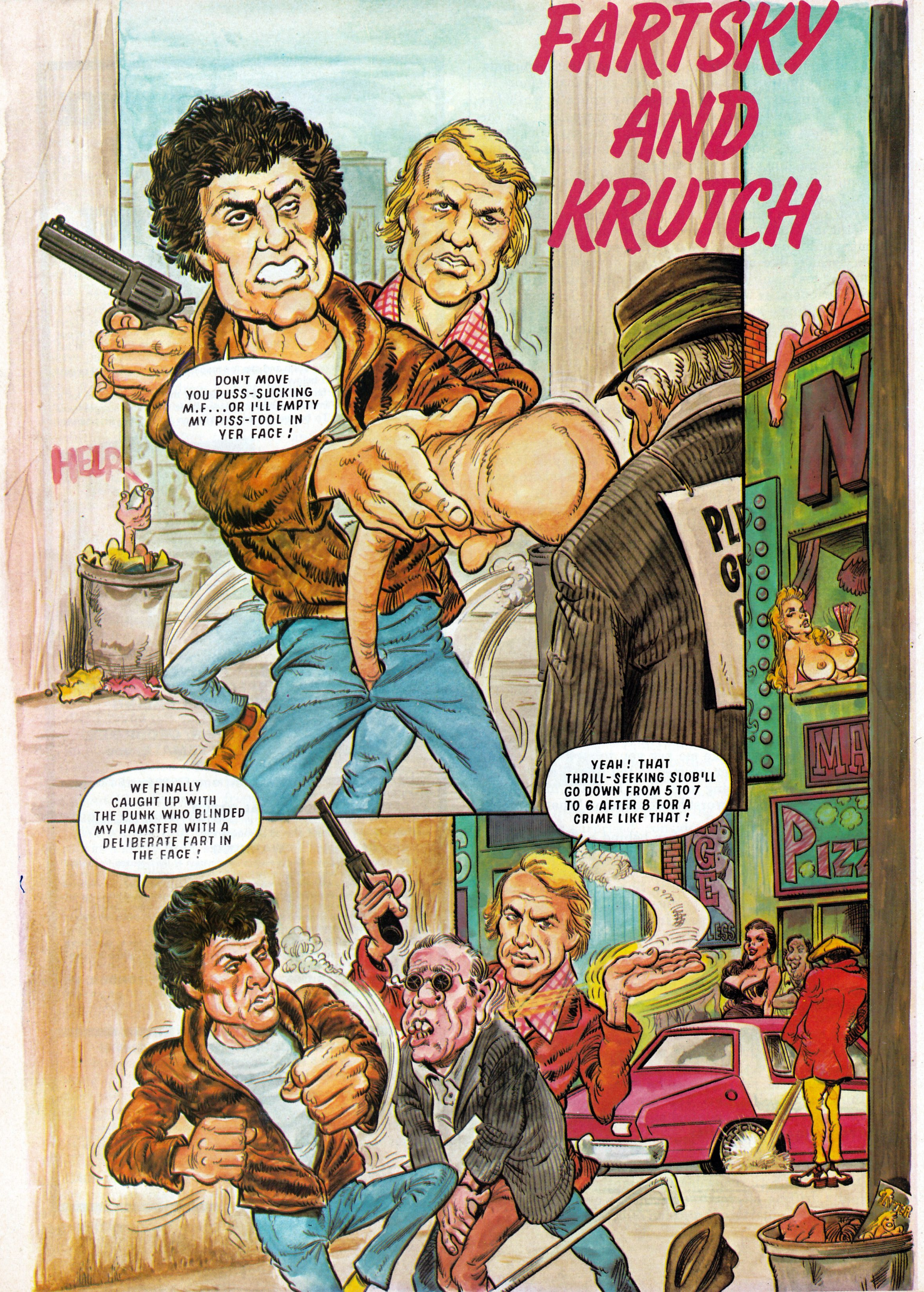
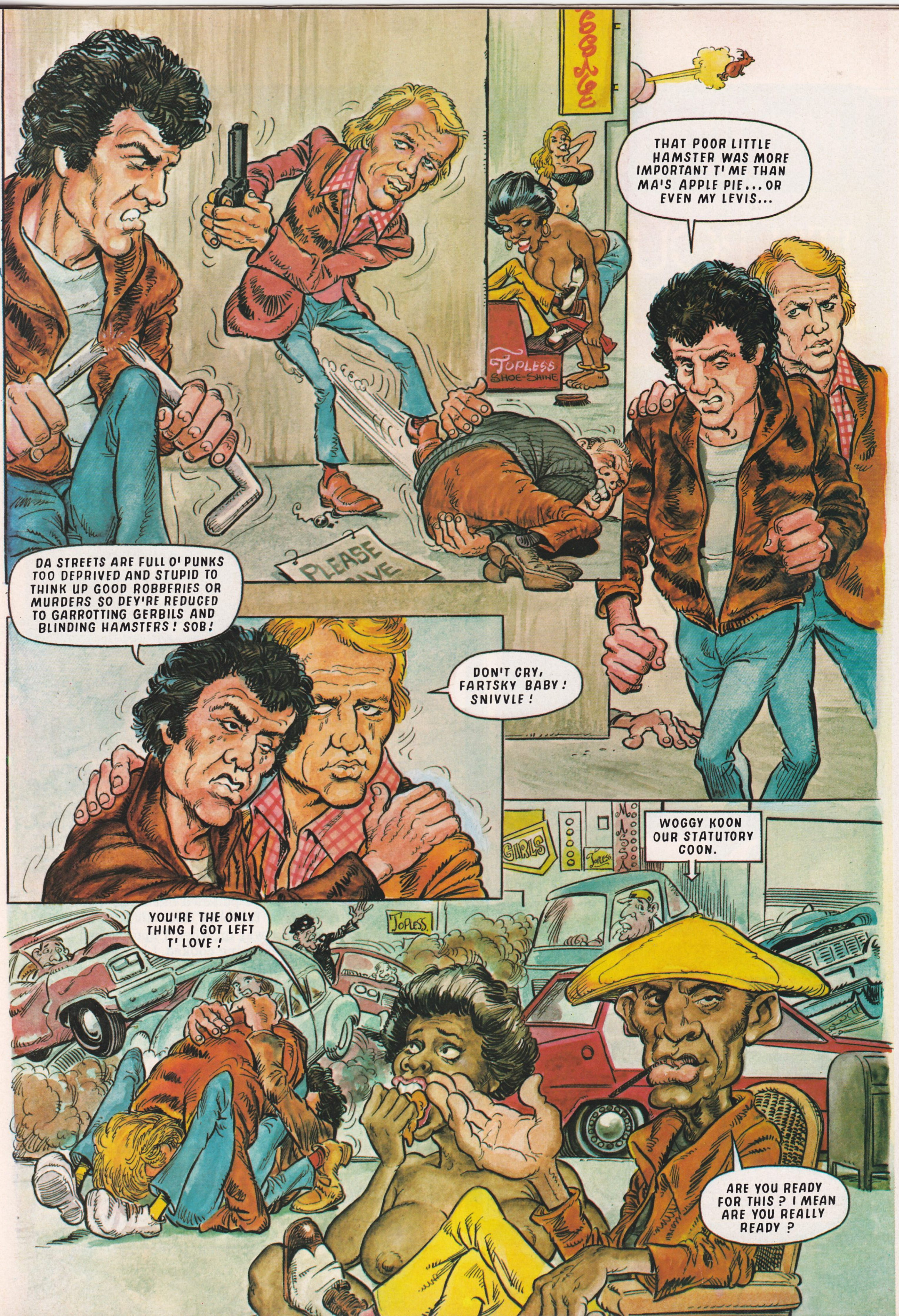
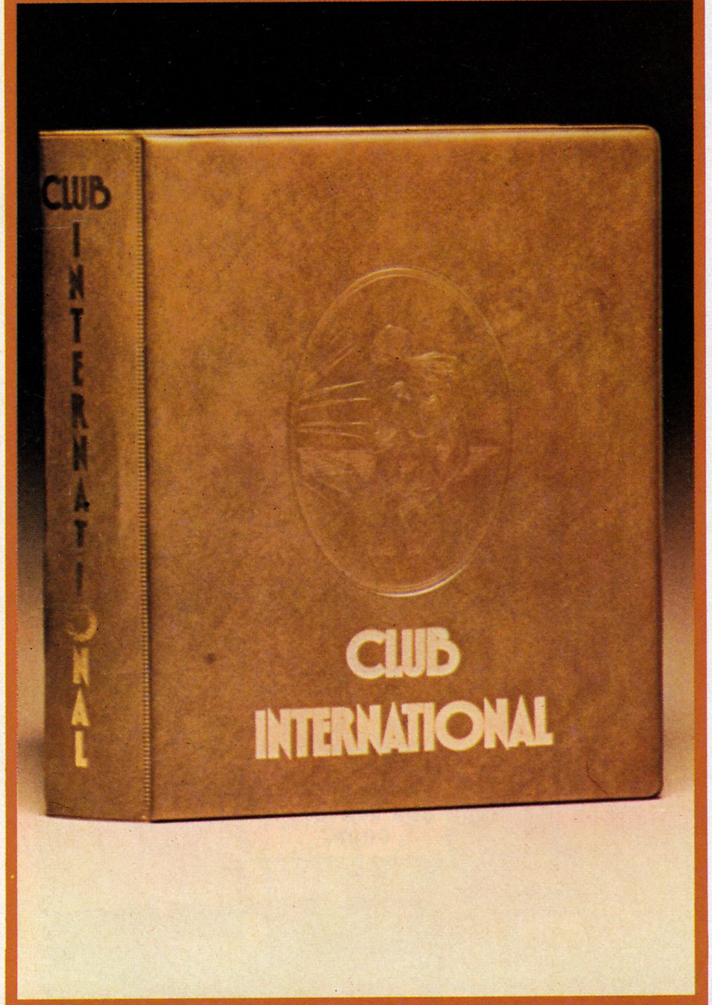
FARTSKY AND KRUTCH


DON'T MOVE YOU PUSS-SUCKING M.F...OR I'LL EMPTY MY PISS-TOOL IN YER FACE!
HELP
WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE PUNK WHO BLINDED MY HAMSTER WITH A DELIBERATE FART IN THE FACE!
YEAH! THAT THRILL-SEEKING SLOB'LL GO DOWN FROM 5 TO 7 TO 6 AFTER 8 FOR A CRIME LIKE THAT!
Pizz


TOPLESS SHOE-SHINE
PLEASE
THAT POOR LITTLE HAMSTER WAS MORE IMPORTANT T' ME THAN MA'S APPLE PIE... OR EVEN MY LEVIS...
DA STREETS ARE FULL O' PUNKS TOO DEPRIVED AND STUPID TO THINK UP GOOD ROBBERIES OR MURDERS SO DEY'RE REDUCED TO GARROTTING GERBILS AND BLINDING HAMSTERS! SOB!
DON'T CRY, FARTSKY BABY! SNIVVLE!
GIRLS
TOPLESS
WOGGY KOON OUR STATUTORY COON.
YOU'RE THE ONLY THING I GOT LEFT T' LOVE!
TOPLESS
ARE YOU READY FOR THIS? I MEAN ARE YOU REALLY READY?

IT'S BOUND TO PLEASE....



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SUPERMARKET GIRL

continued from page 68

teeth and tasted the tangy excretion and heard the slip of her arse against the spread.

As I moved in and out, she moved up and down. Even her toes pressed against my thighs.

When I rose, she spread her legs so wide I thought she would split. The centre of her being, her femininity, seemed to beg for me. Her thighs quivered.

I entered her swiftly.

"Fuck me, darling!" Each utterance was a cry of relief. "Fuck me!" She spoke in sharp, short sentences.

She raised her legs, waved her toes in the air, and squeezed me tighter and tighter. She knew the strength of her inner pussy muscles. She used them with subtle expertise.

We moved together. Faster. Our skin rubbed together. It was as though we had been fucking for a lifetime.

When my juices flooded into her, she screamed from the lower recesses of her throat. I thought she was dying. I clung to her. I continued to move. One last twist, turn, rotation; and her cunt gripped me like a vice. She held on to me

Dressing in the sperm-smelling darkness, I leaned over the bed and kissed her. Her lips tasted of swollen sex.

"Come back tomorrow?" she said.

"I'll try."

"I'll buy some more groceries."

The next day I thought of the supermarket lady with the tight, tight shorts all day. When Susie entered the front door, I went out the back.

I ran all the way to Ann Agee's house.

As I got close, I saw the long two-toned blue Mark IV sitting parallel to the curb in front of the house. The car looked exactly like Susie's father's. But I thought nothing else about it. I went directly to the side door.

After I knocked, nothing happened. I knocked again.

The door opened several inches and Ann, hair mussed, peered out. She held a housecoat to her neck. "What is it?"

"You told me to come back."

"I said I'd buy groceries."

"But . . ."

"I've been sleeping. Come back at 6.30. Okay?"

I nodded. I turned, looked towards the Mark IV, and wandered back towards the supermarket.

When 6.30 finally came, I punched out at the clock in the stock room. I ran out of the back door and down the dark street. The kitchen light was on when I approached the side door. I hoped she had something cooked. I knew I could use a good meal before settling down to loving.

I stepped up to the door. I knocked.

When she didn't answer, I knocked harder than I had earlier in the day. I rapped hard and fast.

At last, the door flew open.

Standing in front of me, with tears pouring down her cheeks, was Susie.

I opened my mouth, but I said nothing.

She held a pistol dangling in her right hand. She dropped it to the kitchen floor when she said, "I killed the goddam bitch, Karl! I killed her! It was bad enough when she was fucking my Dad, but when she started screwing you . . ."

I stepped towards her and took her in my arms. I held her and kissed her. I saw Ann Agee's naked body lying on the living room floor with blood running from between her legs. Her eyes were open but lifeless. Her lips were open but still.

I felt Susie fumbling with my pants, and I leaned back and closed my eyes and dreamed of that perfect lady. ♣

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN QUALITY PORNO GRAPHY?

Darling
BRANDY
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As an ardent voyeur and collector of pornography for fifteen years, I have discovered how difficult it is to get real quality pornography books in this country, having been tricked by so many 'dealers' who sell as hard pornography cheaply produced, badly printed 'soft porn' rubbish that is not worth the paper it's printed on.

In the end I decided to go direct to the real porn producers in Europe and have since built up what must be the finest and most beautiful collection of pornography anywhere in the world.

During my visits to Europe, I came across a number of dealers who were willing to supply me in bulk at rock bottom prices. Realising that there must be many people like myself in the U.K., who would like to buy real pornography, I have decided to form a small club that customers can rely on.

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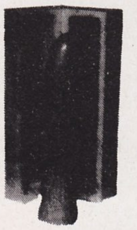

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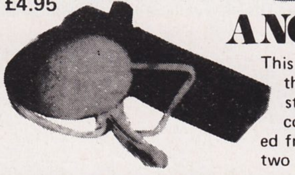

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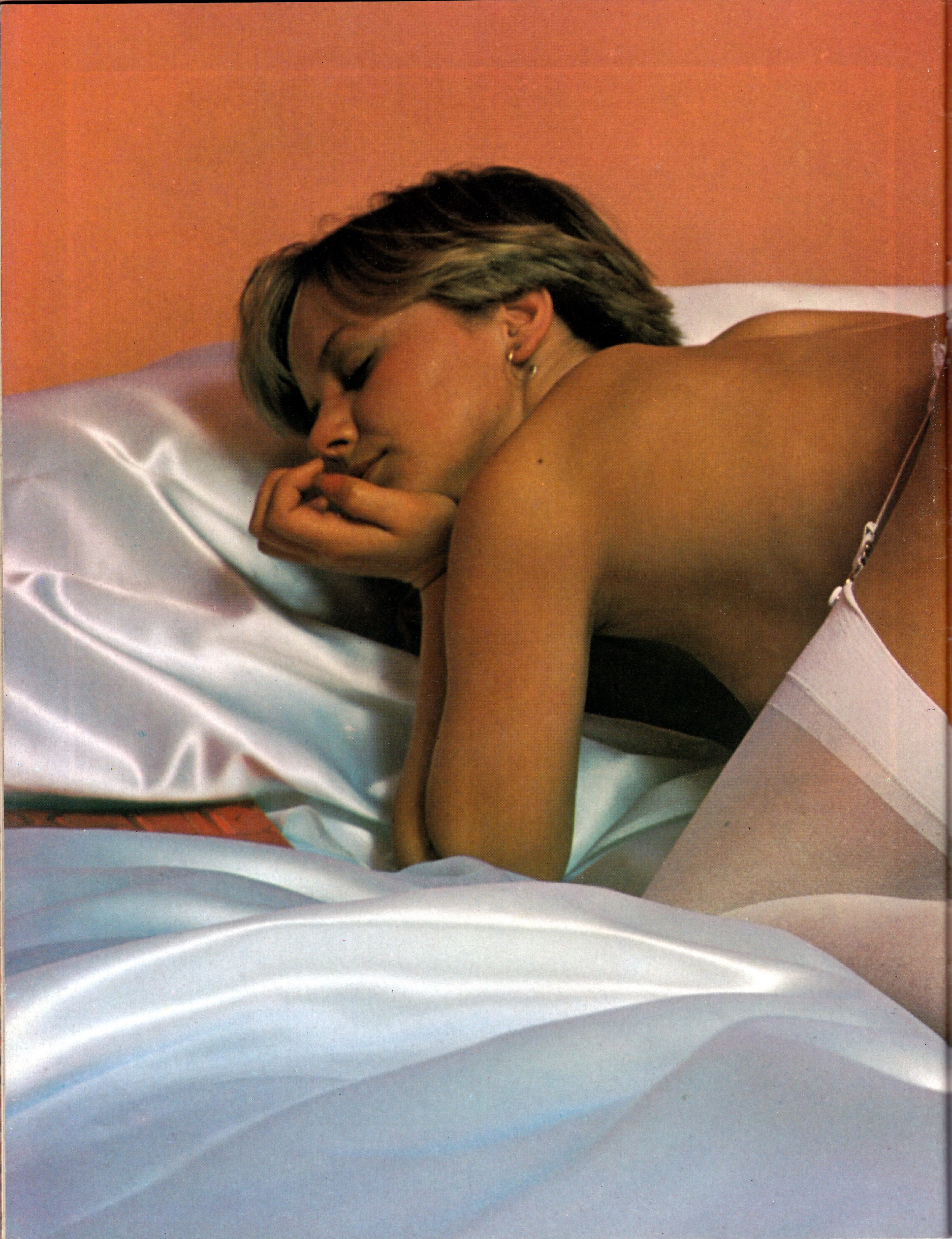

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Kick off your shoes, let down your hair and join the lovely Fiona Richmond in the most erotic adventure of your life. Now, for the first time on record, you can share in a woman's most personal fantasies, as with risqué song and sensual speech Fiona lets you in on the formerly forbidden secrets of her private life.

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Name...

Address...

....

....

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Dead Boring

continued from page 58

claim her husband killed her. The neighbours will testify they hated each other, and you might even get a big reward!

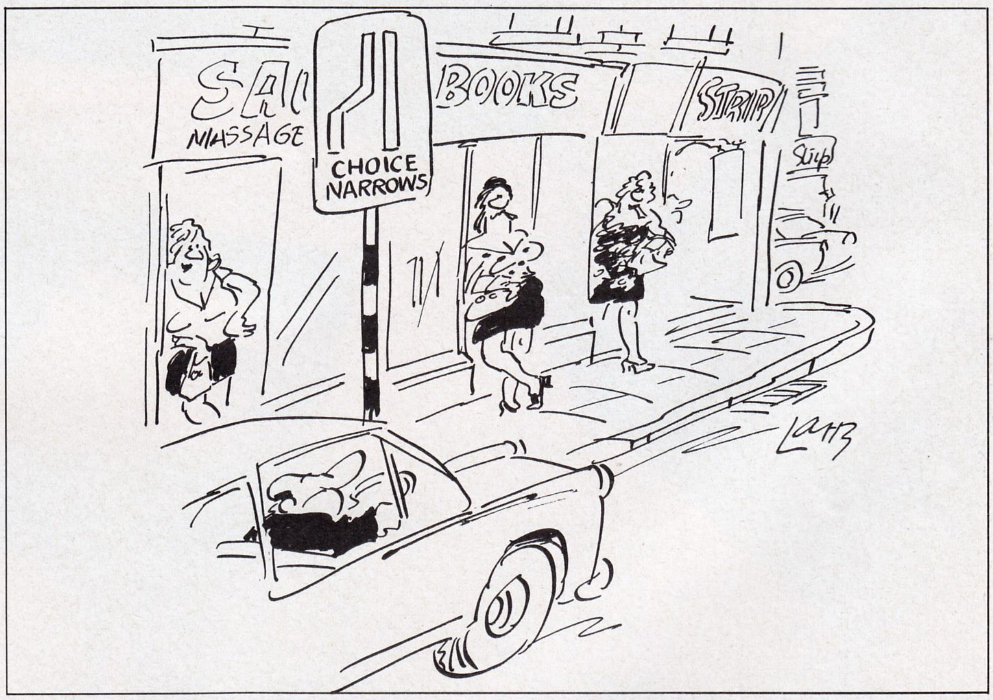
You can go even further to ensure this happy turn of events. Carry a tape recorder, knock on his door and say:

'Good evening, sir! I'm a talent scout for Universal Pictures. We've heard you have great acting ability. We're doing a movie in the neighbourhood and wondered if you'd be interested in making £100,000 for a few minutes of acting?'

(Needless to say, you have his complete attention.)

'Could you please read the following lines: "Yes, I killed her – and I'm glad. Glad! Glad!"'

Because of the financial incentive, you'll probably get a passable reading that will stand up in court as evidence her husband did the dirty work – after you carefully edit the tape, of course. Or, if you need the bread more than the honour of turning in a desperate criminal, you can tell her husband the whole plot – and blackmail the bastard. Not a bad solution either, right?



That 'unfortunate occurrence' in your flat could be a blessing in disguise in another way. If, upon snooping around her husband's home, you find out he really dug her and would tear you into tiny pieces if he knew what the hell you two had been up to – then, you have this unique opportunity:

'Good evening, sir! You don't know me, but a friend of mine, I'm sorry to say, is having an affair with your wife and – what's that? You're going to get a knife and go and kill him? Fine, I'll wait – and drive you over to where that devil has taken her!' (On the other hand, why waste *your* petrol? Take *his* car.)

You take him, naturally, to your apartment, where he finds his late wife – and also the guy to whom you owe £10,000, who you had thoughtfully invited over for the evening, claiming you intended to 'pay him off'. You did all right! The two of them will no doubt fight – the husband in an insane rage – and your buddy in a state of self defense and confusion – but they may kill each other off. Then you'll have *three* bodies to explain, which isn't good. So just help one kill the other. The survivor will be eternally grateful and in your debt.

The Worst Possible Punishment

Nothing *really* bad can come of an experience with the Late Lamented. If you just call the police and tell the truth, your wife or husband might be pissed off for a few years, but they'll recover, and besides, you'll be the hero of all your friends. And so you get caught trying to tip the body on to the nearest Council dump, what could that get you? A couple of years in the slammer, where with any luck you'll discover another big Country and Western singer like Johnny Cash or Merle Haggard – and be rich beyond your wildest dreams!

So now you're prepared. You know exactly what to do if that chick gives up the ghost in the heat of passion. (If it's in the back seat of a car, just toss her out and drive off.)

But, you say, this can never happen to you because you're dating a girl or guy who's *single*? Well, then you've really got it made. Fat city! You just call the newspapers and shout the whole happy news. In no time at all you're 'Stud of the Year'! Because anybody who can literally 'fuck her brains out' is this country's kind of guy. Dig? ♣

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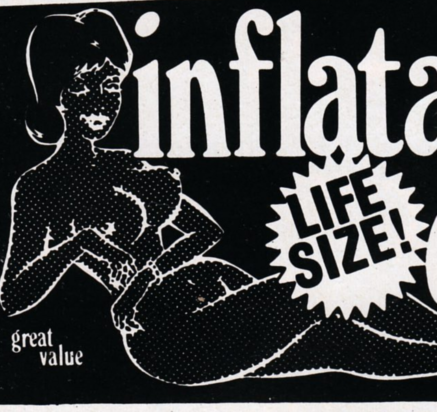

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A real woman, from her sympathetic face to her realistic pubic hair. Her soft, inviting vagina is very deep and always ready to receive you, her demanding lover.

And it's you who calls the tune; whichever position you care to choose, your Rubber-Lady is always available, always ready to give you relief and relaxation. There is even a fully realistic anus, and Rubber-Lady will not complain if you should want to experiment with her!

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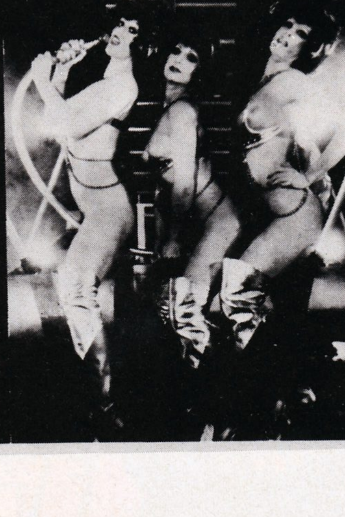

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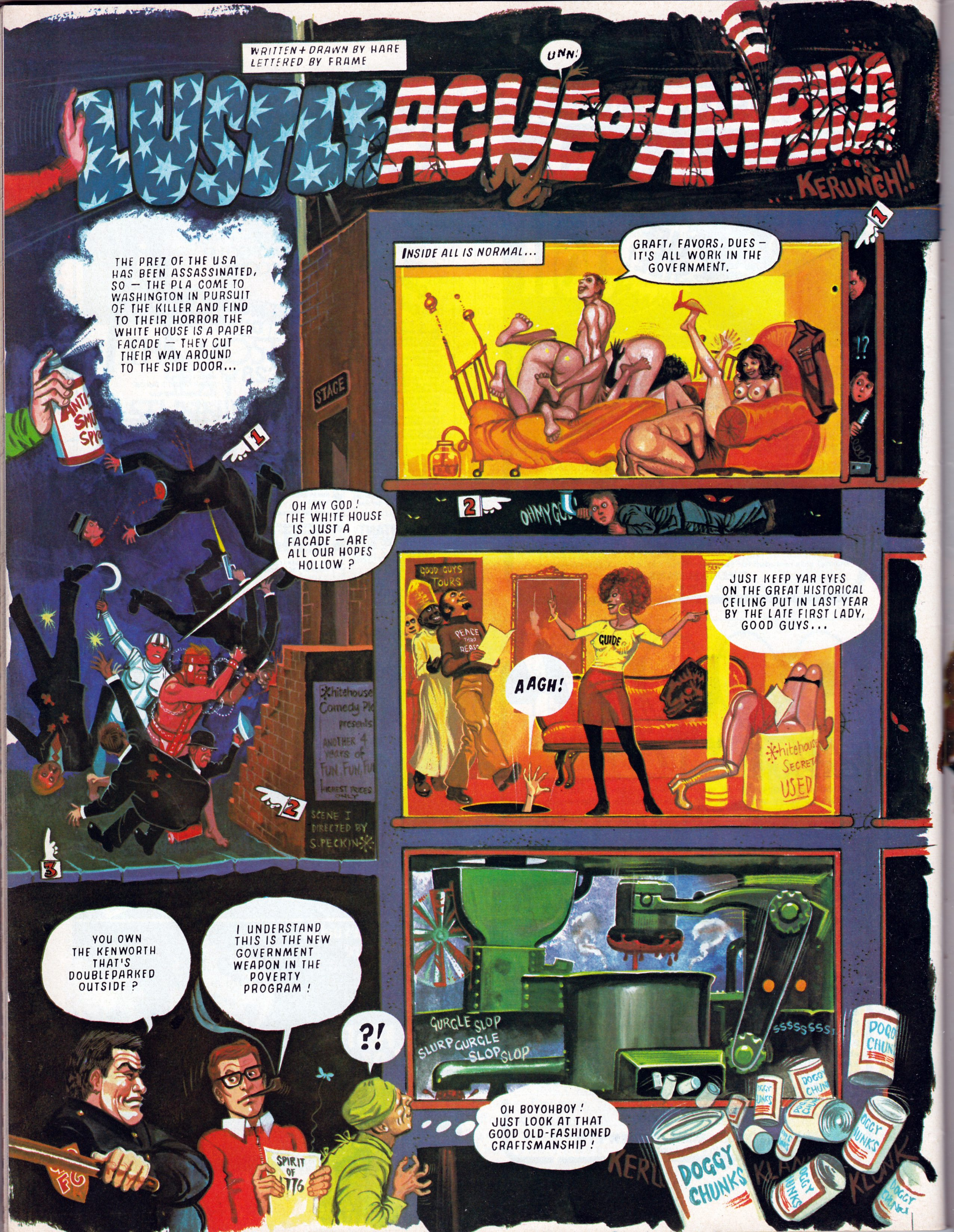
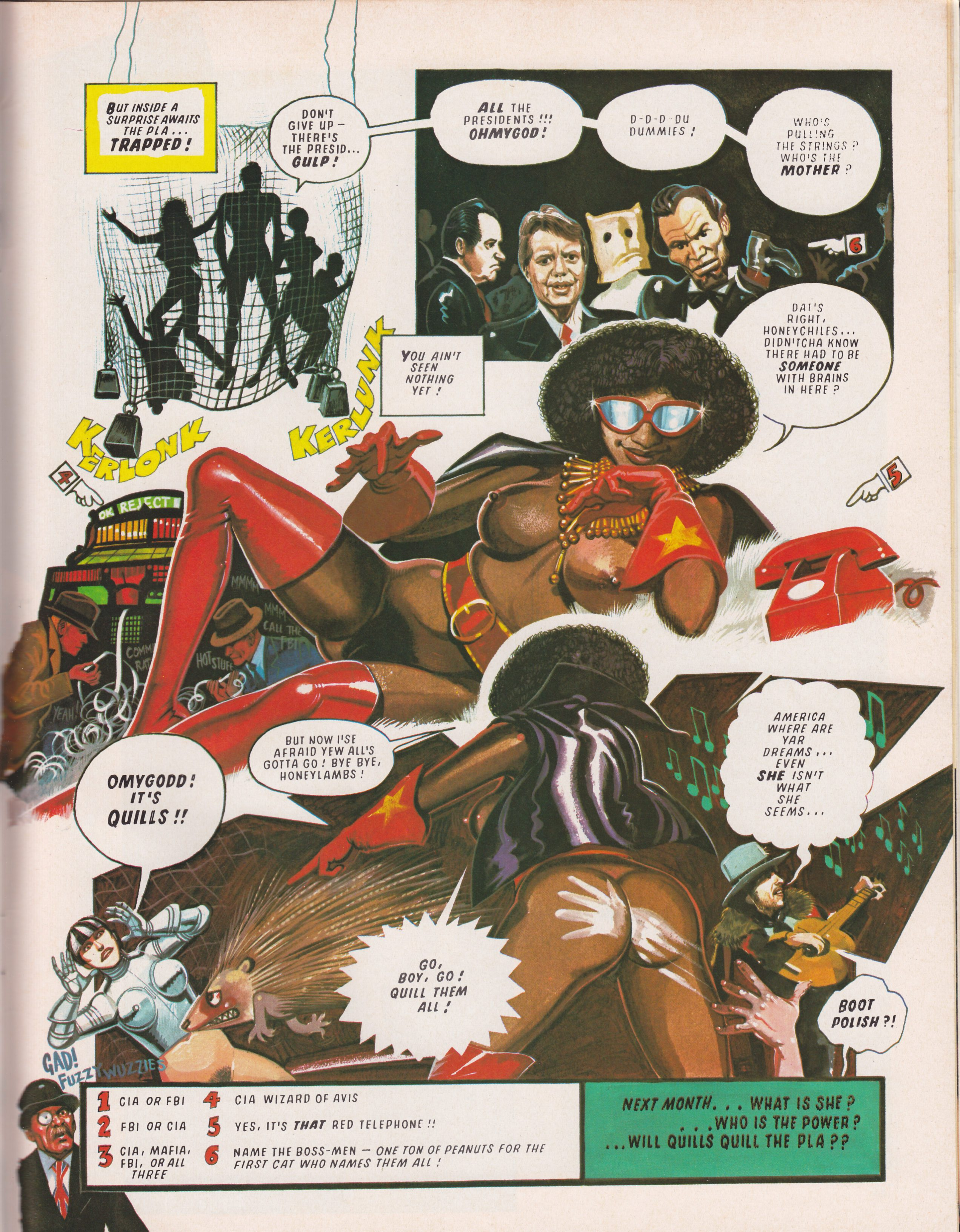

WRITTEN + DRAWN BY HARE
LETTERED BY FRAME
UNN!
LUSTLEAGUE OF AMERICA
...KERUNCH!!
THE PREZ OF THE USA HAS BEEN ASSASSINATED, SO — THE PLA COME TO WASHINGTON IN PURSUIT OF THE KILLER AND FIND TO THEIR HORROR THE WHITE HOUSE IS A PAPER FACADE — THEY CUT THEIR WAY AROUND TO THE SIDE DOOR...
ANTI-SMUT SPRAY
STAGE
1
INSIDE ALL IS NORMAL...
GRAFT, FAVORS, DUES — IT'S ALL WORK IN THE GOVERNMENT.
!?
2
OHMYGOD
OH MY GOD! THE WHITE HOUSE IS JUST A FACADE — ARE ALL OUR HOPES HOLLOW?
GOOD GUYS TOURS
PEACE THRU REASON
GUIDE
JUST KEEP YAR EYES ON THE GREAT HISTORICAL CEILING PUT IN LAST YEAR BY THE LATE FIRST LADY, GOOD GUYS...
AAGH!
Whitehouse SECRETS USED
Whitehouse Comedy Pla presents ANOTHER 4 years of FUN, FUN, FU LOWEST PRICES ONLY
SCENE I DIRECTED BY S. PECKIN
2
3
YOU OWN THE KENWORTH THAT'S DOUBLEPARKED OUTSIDE?
I UNDERSTAND THIS IS THE NEW GOVERNMENT WEAPON IN THE POVERTY PROGRAM!
?!
SPIRIT OF 1776
GURGLE SLOP SLURP GURGLE SLOP SLOP
SSSSSSSS
OH BOYOHBOY! JUST LOOK AT THAT GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CRAFTSMANSHIP!
DOGGY CHUNKS
KERLUNK
KLANK
KLUNK


BUT INSIDE A SURPRISE AWAITS THE PLA... **TRAPPED!**
DON'T GIVE UP — THERE'S THE PRESID... **GULP!**
ALL THE PRESIDENTS !!! **OHMYGOD!**
D-D-D DU DUMMIES!
WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS? WHO'S THE **MOTHER**?
6
DAT'S RIGHT, HONEYCHILES... DIDN'TCHA KNOW THERE HAD TO BE **SOMEONE** WITH BRAINS IN HERE?
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!
KERLONK
KERLUNK
4
5
OK REJECT
MMM
MMM CALL THE FBI
HOT STUFF
COMM RATE
YEAH!
BUT NOW I'SE AFRAID YEW ALL'S GOTTA GO! BYE BYE, HONEYLAMBS!
OMYGODD! IT'S QUILLS!!
AMERICA WHERE ARE YAR DREAMS... EVEN **SHE** ISN'T WHAT SHE SEEMS...
GO, BOY, GO! QUILL THEM ALL!
BOOT POLISH?!
GAD! FUZZY WUZZIES

1 CIA OR FBI
2 FBI OR CIA
3 CIA, MAFIA, FBI, OR ALL THREE
4 CIA WIZARD OF AVIS
5 YES, IT'S **THAT** RED TELEPHONE!!
6 NAME THE BOSS-MEN — *ONE TON OF PEANUTS FOR THE FIRST CAT WHO NAMES THEM ALL!*

NEXT MONTH... WHAT IS SHE?
...WHO IS THE POWER?
...WILL QUILLS QUILL THE PLA??

BUM FIGHT AT
The O.K. CORRAL

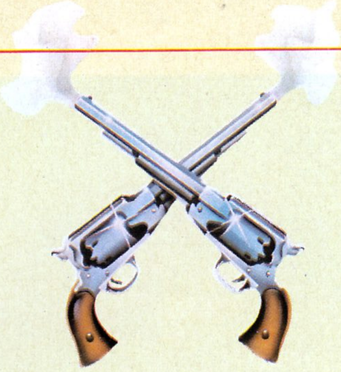
The O.K. CORRAL

BUM FIGHT AT
The O.K. CORRAL

The 'Cock' Enters . . .
The legendary Cock Holliday lurched into the O.K. Corral Saloon high on spirits and low on I.Q. Pretty soon he'd spied a tasty piece of ass belonging to the one and only Muffalo Moll . . .

ZUS! JUST
K AT THAT
ASS!
2,000,000
CENTRAL DAKOTA
HOW TO GET THERE
GOLD & SILVER

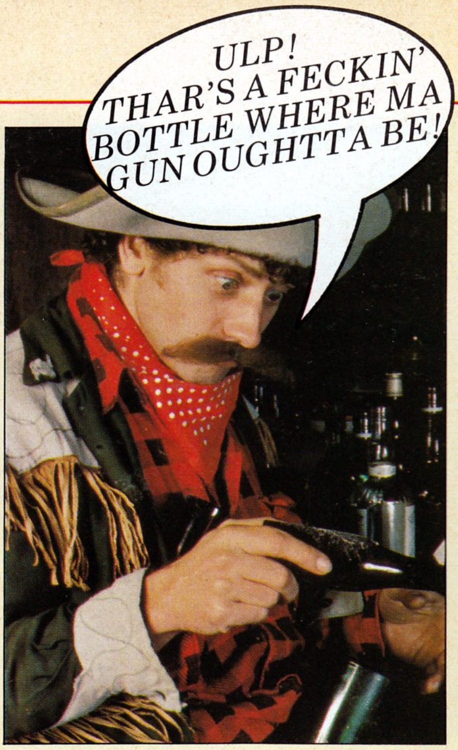
CENTRAL DAKOTA
Millions of Acres
A FARM!



. . . And Ass-esses the Situation

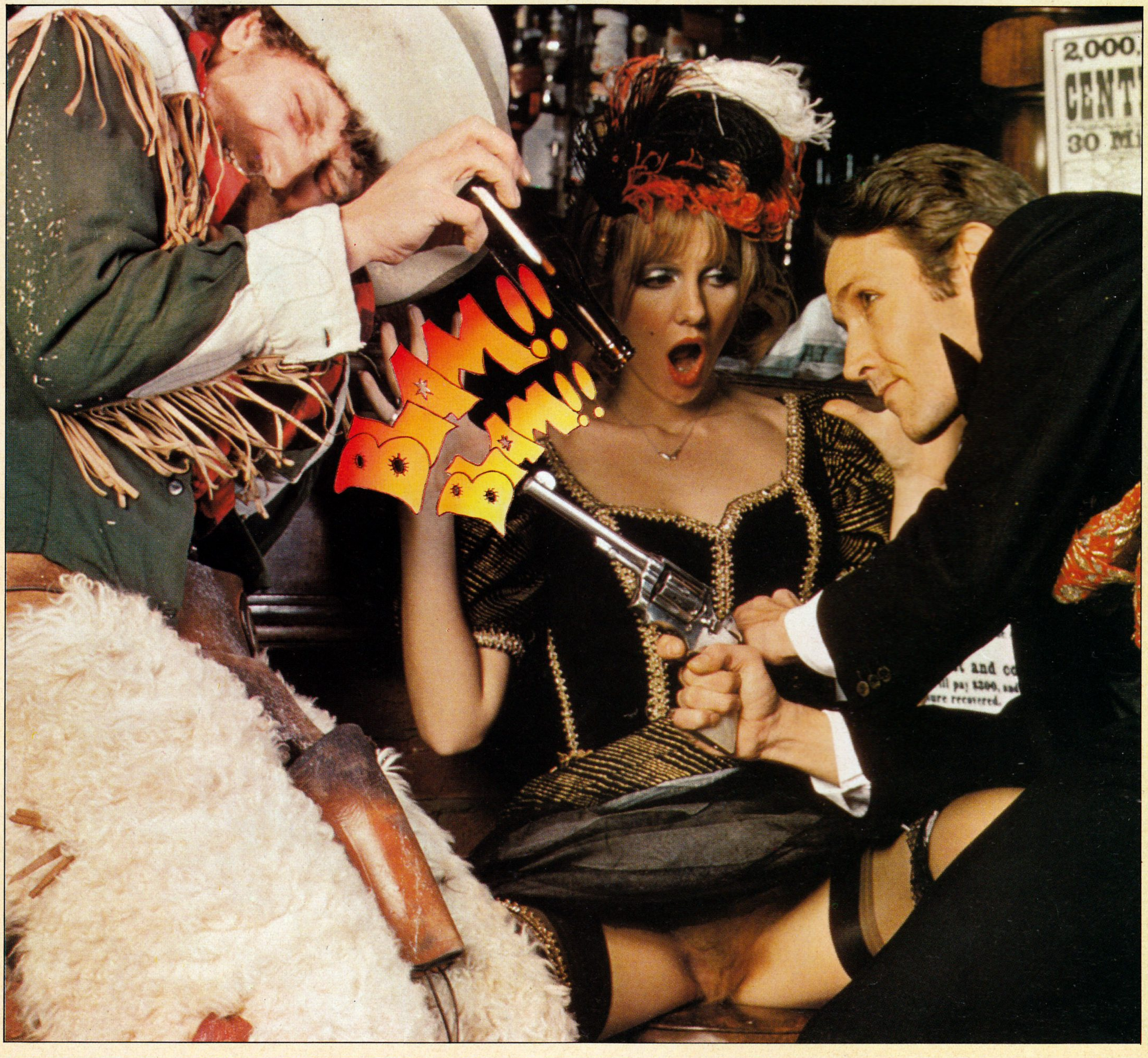
Owing to a film of whisky over his eyeballs, Holliday needs a closer look to be sure the ass has class. It has! But it doesn't just belong t' Moll . . . Wild Bill Cock-Up has a claim on it, using it to stable his face on his overnight stop-overs in town . . .

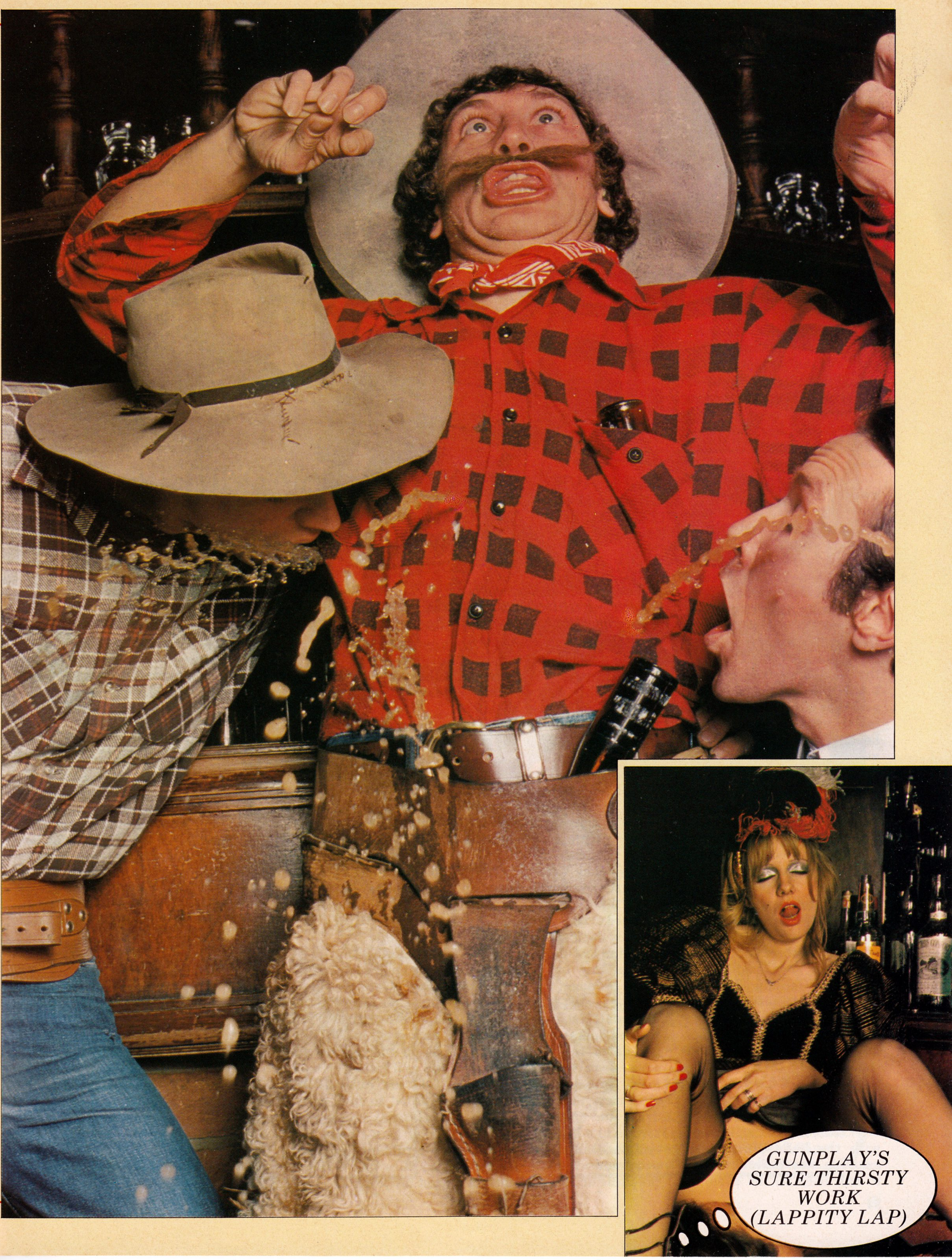
YEAH! NOBODY TREATS MUFFALO MOLL MEAN!
THAT'S MA GAL'S BUTT YER CLEANIN' UP WITH THAT WHISKY SPONGE YA CALLS A TONGUE!


ULP! THAR'S A FECKIN' BOTTLE WHERE MA GUN OUGHTTA BE!

Finally Bill Puts Lead in her Pencil-Box

Wild Bill cuts loose wit' some hot lead, and pretty soon the drinks are on Cock Holliday who serves whisky neat from the holes in his chest. A nice gesture . . . but Wild Bill has figured a more interesting way to settle his thirst!


BAM!!
BAM!!
2,000,
CENT
30 M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READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to: Readers' Writes, Club International, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. Readers should state if they wish their names withheld.

Paris American Style

Sir: The glamour and excitement of Europe's most romantic city, Paris, attracts thousands of American women each year. Sightseeing with cameras slung over their shoulders or round their necks, they sit outside the bistros hoping some young French male will approach them, and from that meeting develop a relationship of short duration, preferably ending up together in bed enjoying a screw.

"It's the atmosphere, yuh know," said a 40-year-old from New York. "Us girls breathe in the romance of this great city, an' we just long for a goodlooking French guy to wheel us off to his hotel room or flat for a good fucking session – an', boy, can these fellas fuck you! It's like crazy."

Looking for a good time away from the chores of home or office, the women crowd the cafés and tabacs, in some cases showing off both tit and thigh, longing to be fucked. The French males don't miss this type of opportunity, they're game to screw any physically attractive woman despite her age, particularly if she's buying the food and drinks. They hustle these women wherever they may be, even following them into the churches, being helpful with bags or valises, explaining the features and history of the building concerned, jostling closer, making no secret of their intentions. They rarely pick the wrong type, but if so she is dropped with such obvious disgust that her friends or companions are left under no misapprehension as to why she is no longer of interest.

Jean Bambert, an owner taxi driver, speaks both English and German fluently, and plies his trade at the Gare du Nord and the Gare du Lyons which accommodate thousands of tourists in the course of the year. "My fares chat to me instantly when they realise I speak English," he says. Quite often after carrying up the luggage with the hotel porter he's asked to stay for a drink, or to call back in the evening to take them to 'a nice romantic spot that he can recommend'. No secret is made of what is desired and it's not Notre Dame or the Louvre for which they are looking, it's his own bedroom.

When it comes to hustling Jean has the advantage of his countrymen who speak only a little English, and what they call 'that delightful and sexy French accent' turns the women on. He says, 'They like you to talk them into bed even when they have already decided to go'.

"Many of my friends are artists, and in Montmartre when a woman buys a painting she is sent by my friends to a small bistro nearby from which I operate: we chat and get down to business," he says. Jean has often been given presents by satisfied customers, they buy him food, drink and clothes, often entertain him in the nightspots, and on occasions they have even paid his rent. "I would take this up full time but for the winter when there are few tourists," says Jean.

The beauty of fucking the Americans is the short time they spend in Paris and the fact that there is no involvement. European girls are passionate and clinging, and always seem to want to keep him to themselves. Not so with the Americans; they just want to tumble into bed, fuck like crazy, and when it's over are quite happy to take him out to dinner, then go back to their hotel and forget him.

"One woman of about 40 who I picked up in the Louvre of all places, was looking at a nude painting, and when I spoke to her in French she answered in English, but I could see her weighing me up as if I was a prize bull. She told me outright that she wanted to fuck right away, so I took her to my flat and as soon as we were inside she was rubbing her hand against my flies and trying to take out my prick.

"I undressed her slowly, kissing her body all over, took off my clothes as she was playing with her fanny, and without further preamble we were fucking away like mad. She twisted and bucked under me like a horse, screaming for me to fuck her again and again. Then she took me to dinner and gave me enough money to last me the week. A token of her deep feeling and appreciation, she said."

A friend of Jean's named Marcel never thought about picking up the tourists as did Jean, but after visiting the Latin Quarter regularly with Jean, he decided one night to make up a foursome.

They drove the women around the usual tourist spots in the city, and were treated to a meal and a visit to a disco.

Not being very good at dancing Marcel felt at a disadvantage, and this was worsened by the fact that his English was very poor, so when asked to dance he declined, but the woman insisted, and when on the floor 'grabbed me, and putting one hand on my rear tugged my crotch into hers which she had thrust out in anticipation'. She rubbed her pussy up against him so hard that in no time his prick was thrusting against his trousers, the bulge plain for all to see.

"Feeling embarrassed as well as randy, we went outside and got into the taxi and in seconds flat I was on top and into her; she sucked me in as though this would be her last fuck on earth. We had it twice in the taxi and I spent the night in her hotel room – we were at it until dawn. On leaving she gave me 800 francs and I realised, as Jean had said, the potential involved."

James H., Paris.

Tantalising!

Sir: I have read your mag with intense interest ever since Paul Raymond started it and really began to make it tick. I never thought I would have anything interesting to write to you about, which only goes to show how wrong one can be. Last night was a

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most interesting experience for both me and my boyfriend, so much so that we decided you should be informed.

The night started out very much as our usual 'turning on' nights: we were both watching TV naked, and we do this without touching each other, to build up the atmosphere. Ron decided he would have a bath, I decided to go in and help him, and got him horny by lathering his cock and balls. He played with my wet pussy while I continued to massage his good seven-inch rod. I got it really throbbing but he didn't want to come right away, so we cooled off for a time.

We dried each other, playing and stimulating each other, but not enough to cause a fucking session – instead we returned to watch the finish of a film we had been watching on the box. There was a rape scene in the film which got us both very excited – Ron started teasing my wet cunt and got my action going, then stated he was going to bed.

When I followed him into the bedroom, he was lying in the centre of the bed, legs spread wide, holding, even for him, the best hard he's ever achieved. I dived down on him and began to suck and lick his crankshaft. This aroused him further, but he asked me to slow it down to prolong the excitement.

I played with his full, tight balls as I left his shaft and moved up and began to kiss and move my tongue in and out of his mouth. He trembled with excitement.

Since he likes me to masturbate him now and then, using Vaseline, I applied a portion to his hot, throbbing prick which made his whole body quiver. I had barely started the up and down action on his cock, when he asked me to stop again and this time play with his balls; which I did gladly since I had become hot and excited to see him get so turned on. He was panting, grunting. squirming and moaning, which is most unusual for him, I can tell you.

I squeezed and caressed his nuts, and, with my smooth greased fingers, moved my hand down and began to finger him behind, which made him let out a pleasurable moan that made my hot and boiling pussy throb and ache for attention. It sweated and throbbed so much that I wrapped my legs around his right leg and pressed my cunt hard against it as I continued to move my fingers in and out and around him.

I then returned to his prick which was pulsing erect and as full as ever, ready to squirt that precious semen.

As I continued the up and down movements over the bulging head with my hand and fingers, we frenched, gasped and moaned with ecstasy together. I began to think he would explode if he didn't come, as his rod seemed to grow and throb more and more. I nearly orgasmed myself just watching him groan and gasp for air.

We both trembled, and I pumped his red prick faster as he exploded with a great cry of pleasure all over his naked body and mine. Pressing my wet, hot pussy against his thigh I humped and rocked as a stream of love juice pounded from me in bursts.

His enormous hot load had covered us both and we lay there, frenching, as we rolled our bodies together in his seed. The night had been a most stimulating experience for us both, we lay there and proceeded to fall asleep, our hearts still pounding, and our bodies still wet with sperm.

We now try to make ourselves wait even longer and are beginning to use every inch of each other's bodies before the final assault.

Kathleen V., Bournemouth.

Forty-fied

Sir: Although I am 40, the greatest sexual experience I ever had happened only a few months ago when I met a woman a few years older than myself, but in years only. She had the most fantastic body I have ever seen. Although in her mid-40s, her breasts were truly magnificent, large and firm, the nipples when excited extended and hard. In spite of her age her cunt was covered with the finest pussy hair of the softest texture. But I digress, so will start at the very beginning.

When she walked into the office one day I was immediately turned on by her. We talked quite a bit that day and when I offered to walk her home she agreed. I was delighted. I took her for a drink at the local and we chatted until quite late, arranging to meet at her place the following evening.

When I called she invited me in and we sat around in the living room drinking white wine and talking away. Not long after we started kissing and after a few exploratory attempts on my part, I thought she would suck my tongue right out by the roots. The thought struck me, that if she would suck my cock the same way I had plenty to look forward to.

Before long we were rolling around on the big sofa and my now stiff prick was rubbing against her yielding cunt through our clothes. She wouldn't let me get my hot, eager hands on those big, bouncy tits, but asked me to keep rubbing my prick back and forth on her hot, wet pussy.

I had already come in my pants when she finally invited me to take her upstairs to her bedroom. She had one of those king-size beds, and we started rolling around on it with our clothes still on. Then she opened my fly and freed my aching cock, which had resurrected itself and was ready for action.

She rubbed my foreskin slowly up and down, cradling my balls with her other hand. Then she put her moist lips to the head of my prick and began sucking and nipping it like it had never been done before. I could have come

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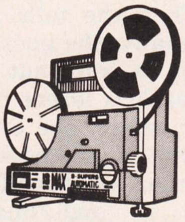

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READERS' WRITES

right then, but I wanted to wait until I was inside her cunt.

Next we decided it was time to take off all our clothes. That's when I got my first look at the greatest set of tits I've ever seen or sucked.

I began sucking and chewing on those gorgeous nipples while she reached down and began rubbing and pumping at my prick again. As I reached down to her, I found that not only was her cunt hair soft, but also not too thick and this made it easy to find her clit and cunt hole with my tongue.

We sucked each other for quite a while, she came five times and I was happy to suck up all the juices. She tasted really sweet.

Finally neither of us could take it any longer, and she begged me to get on top and fuck her hard and long. The one thing I really appreciated was her use of words. She cursed and swore like a stevedore when she was being fucked; more women need to learn to talk and ask for what they really want – if they don't they'll get less service and less satisfaction.

She was so hot and wet, my prick slipped straight in at the first small pressure I applied to her slit. I then pounded right up inside the hot sucking tunnel between her legs, in and out, harder and harder, and all the time she was begging me to fuck her harder, fuck her for ever and never stop.

Eventually I couldn't take it any longer and began to shoot into that sweet scorching cunt as if I would never stop. Thank God she came at the same time. It was with a moaning, sobbing cry that she dug her fingers into my buttocks, drawing every drop from my pumping staff. We then lay together, utterly exhausted but smiling in contentment at each other.

After a few minutes she bent over to suck my prick clean and forced herself up against my face for me to do the same for her tasty pussy. That was truly a fuck I will never forget.

George W., Sandhurst.

Oh, Baby!

Sir: My girlfriend and I have been living together for almost two years, but recently she has become most possessive and demanding, constantly referring to the fact that we should get married, always suggesting that the Pill makes her fat and spoils her figure, and dropping hints that she would like to stop using it, stating that it gives her a 'psychological block' and therefore prevents her from enjoying our sex relations to the full.

She is great in bed, her sex appetite is more than healthy and in many cases, unlike most of her sex, she is the initiator, throwing her leg over me whilst in bed, or putting her hand straight on my cock. She often throws back the sheets and goes straight down on my prick, sucking and licking as though it were an ice lolly, and then turns around thrusting her cunt smack into my face, at the same time rubbing up and down on me. Often she will mount me, and if I'm tired and my prick is flaccid, will grind it against her cunt, sighing and moaning for me to fuck her. Usually she is so worked up in these circumstances that after a few rubs of my prick against her pussy, she comes almost immediately, and that makes me really wake up and take notice. As soon as the slightest spark of stiffness shows, she rams it home, sometimes practically doubling the poor thing up!

'Nympho' you'll say, but you're wrong, she really is concerned that I enjoy myself as much as she, often asking me if I want to come straight away, or 'make a song of it' as she says.

Recently, however, she has taken to this new phase, which is really the subject of my letter.

We had always agreed that there would be no kids – perhaps we had some idea tucked away in our minds that until a more permanent stage was reached, this would be right, but now her constant talk is of her married friends, their children, and of course, why don't we get married.

I'm not really against the the idea; with a little patience on her part I probably would have come round to her way of thinking. I like kids, I love the girl, so why not?

Then she tells me she's pregnant. She goes to great pains to point out that her stomach is larger now than ever before, she often complains of sickness in the morning, although I've never seen it, and finally she tells me she's going to see the doctor for a pregnancy test.

Whether she did this or not I'll never know, but upon my questioning her on the subject, she said she hadn't been but would go as soon as possible.

This decided me; I made an appointment with the doctor and after much protestation on her part took her along and asked for a complete check-up and a pregnancy test.

The doctor, a lady, gave my girl a thorough examination, after which she interviewed both of us privately. She questioned me most closely during my interview, even asking if it was our eventual intention to marry. This took me completely by surprise, but before I realised it I had said 'Yes'. At this she gave me a peculiar smile and informed me she would forward the results of both examination and test as soon as it was possible.

Can you imagine how I felt, and the expression on my girl's face, when we received a report stating that she was in a first class state of health, was *not* pregnant, and enclosing a *diet sheet* and exercise chart, with recommendations for their use due to my girl being overweight.

We both cried and laughed all night and we're to be married next month.

K.M., Devonport. ♣

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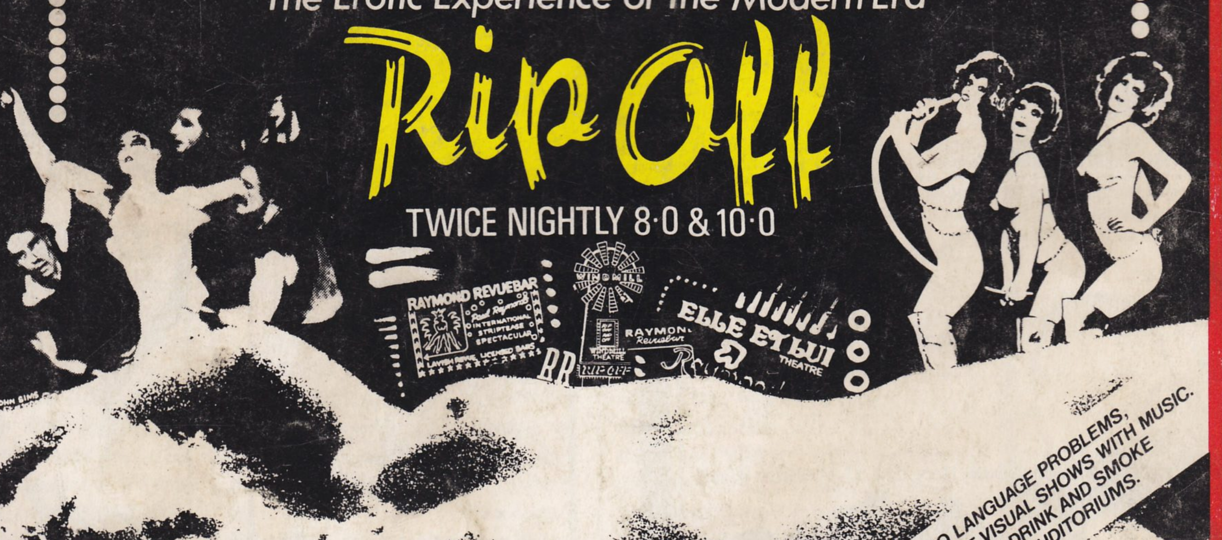
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